THE FEBRUARY

ROYAL

No. 40. Vol. VII.—February, 1902. Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

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Worth a Guinea a Box.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Cure BILIOUS and NERVOUS DISORDERS,
CONSTIPATION, SICK HEADACHE,
INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA,
And all STOMACHIC TROUBLES.

Purify the BLOOD and remove SCURVY,
Are MILD but effective in their action,
Remove the Result of Over-Indulgence,
Cure Restlessness and Insomnia,

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Remove WIND and PAINS in the Stomach,
Arouse Sluggish and TORPID LIVERS,
Ensure Proper Assimilation of Food,
Strengthen the STOMACH.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Are specially suitable for the Diseases and
Ailments common to FEMALES,
Regulate the System,
Improve the Complexion.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Make you LOOK well, FEEL well, and
KEEP well,
Remove Pimples and Blotches on the Skin,
Lay the Foundation of Good Health,
Suitable for OLD and YOUNG.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Have stood the Test of over FIFTY YEARS
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Parents recommend them to their children.
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BEECHAM'S PILLS recommend Themselves.

IN BOXES, 1/1½ (56 PILLS) AND 2/9 (168 PILLS), WITH FULL DIRECTIONS.

OVER 6,000,000 BOXES SOLD ANNUALLY.

The World's Medicine.

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The HOUSE of COMMONS—AN IRISHMAN'S PROTEST.

TO ENGLISHMEN, SCOTCHMEN, IRISHMEN, and OUR COLONIES!

AN IRISHMAN'S ELOQUENT PROTEST.—Richard Lalor Shiel once startled the House of Commons and the country when the word "alien" was applied to him as an Irishman. "On the field of Waterloo," he exclaimed, "the blood of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen flowed in the same stream and drenched the same sod—when the cold grey morning dawned they lay stiff and stark together; in the same trench their bodies were laid; the green corn of spring bursts even now from their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, are we not to be partakers in glory? Are we to be told we are aliens from that noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured?" The effect of the speech both inside and outside the House was electrical.

THE MORAL.

"I need not be missed if another succeed me;
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown.
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done."

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED

WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

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The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on any DISORDERED and FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—Examine the Bottle and Capsule and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS Imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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A BILLIARD TABLE AT HOME KEEPS YOUR BOYS IN AT NIGHT.

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MAKES HOME ATTRACTIVE.
AFFORDS ENJOYMENT TO ALL.
LASTS A LIFETIME.

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Cash or Easy Payments.

Our Easy Payment Prices are Less than Other's Cash Prices.

WE DELIVER FREE TO ANY STATION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Miniature Billiard Table to stand on Dining Table. Made in Mahogany, Best Slate Bed, Adjustable Brass Screw Legs, rubber shod, Low Frost-Proof Rubber Cushions, 2 Cues, Set of large Ivory Balls, Mahogany Marking Board, and Spirit Level, Box of Tips, Wafers, Chalk, and good Rest.

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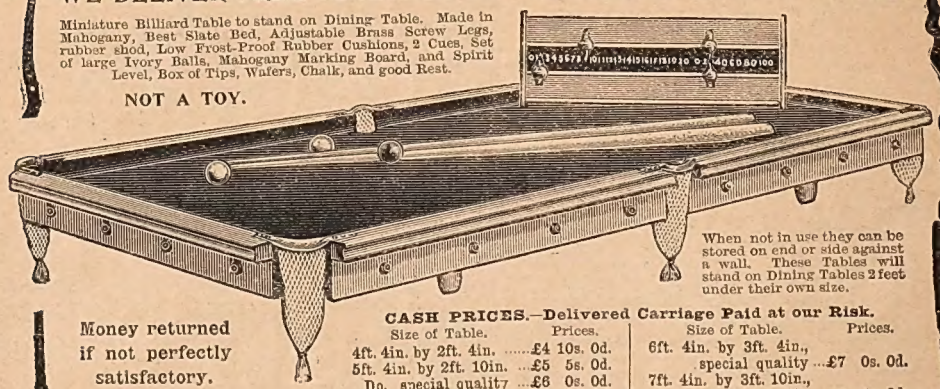

When not in use they can be stored on end or side against a wall. These Tables will stand on Dining Tables 2 feet under their own size.

Money returned if not perfectly satisfactory.

CASH PRICES.—Delivered Carriage Paid at our Risk.

Size of Table.	Prices.	Size of Table.	Prices.
4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4in.	£4 10s. 0d.	6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in., special quality	£7 0s. 0d.
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Do. special quality	£6 0s. 0d.		
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NONE BETTER AT WHATEVER PRICE.

EASY PAYMENT PRICES (Delivered).

Size of Table.	*Payments.*				*Size of room required.*	
4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4in	10/-	down and	12	payments of 8/-	12ft.	long.
5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.	15/-	,,	12	,, 9/-	13ft.	,,
Do. special quality	15/-	,,	12	,, 10/6	13ft.	,,
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Do. special quality	15/-	,,	12	,, 12/6	14ft.	,,
7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in. special quality	20/-	,,	12	,, 16/6	15ft.	,,

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Signature.....

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The whole Parcel and with it

A FREE GIFT of 1 Long White Pillow-slip and 2 Short Frilled ones for £1. Carriage, 1s. to any part of British Isles, 5s. to any part of Europe, 10s. to any Colony in the Empire.

For £1

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The Complete Parcel for 10s.

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A Really Marvellous Ten-Shillings'-Worth!

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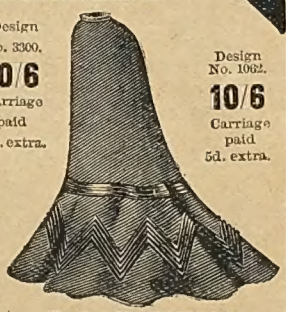
Design No. 3300. **10/6** Carriage paid 6d. extra.



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Carriage paid to any Railway Station.

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The Bedroom Suite consists of Wardrobe, 3ft. 6in. wide, and nearly 7ft. high, with large, full-length, highly-polished mirror, bevelled edges, carved panels, and large long drawer underneath; Dressing Table, 3ft. 6in. wide, with beautiful large bevelled mirror, two jewel drawers, two small drawers, and two extra large ones; Washstand, 3ft. 6in. wide, fitted with fine Sicilian marble slab, double row of majolica tiles in back, pedestal cupboard underneath, and towel rail; two Cane-seated Chairs are also supplied with the Suite. This Bedroom Suite is supplied in American Black or Satin Walnut, Mahogany or Oak, and is **Solid Throughout**, every article being well polished by hand labour. In ordering, please say wood required.

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Sanitary, Antiseptic, Absorbent.

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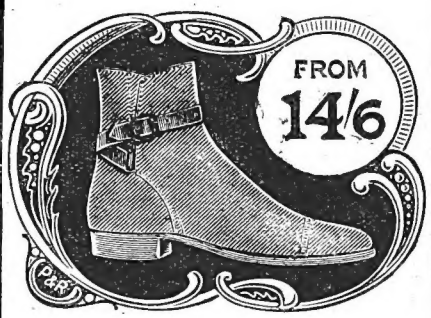

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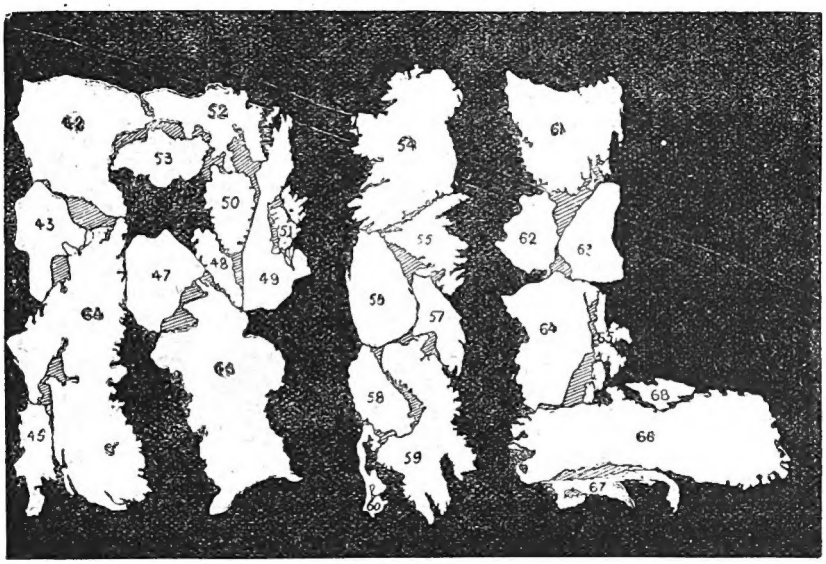

NOTE.—The shapes are correct, but the sizes are not in proportion. Each number indicates a separate part of the Empire.

How many parts can you name?

NONE SO GOOD AS
HARTLEY'S

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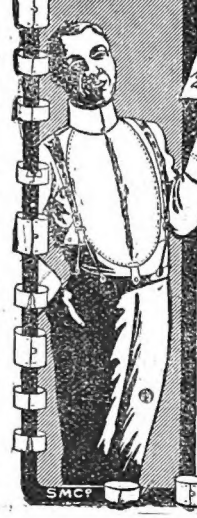
GROCERS
AND STORES

Saving Half



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I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody."
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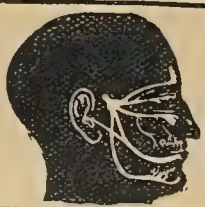

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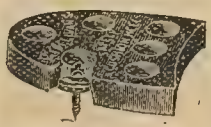

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Ladies' 1/-, Men's 1/6 per pair. Of all bootmakers.

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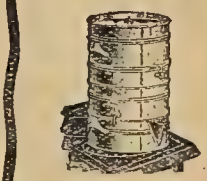

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REV. PAUL WELLER.

In answer to a personal letter from an intimate friend, asking if it were true that he (Rev. Mr. Weller) had become a firm believer in Personal Magnetism and Hypnotism, Rev. Weller wrote:

The facts are: The subject of Personal Magnetism or Hypnotism, to which I have devoted many years of study, was recently more forcibly than ever called to my attention through reading a scientific work on the subject, now being circulated by the New York Institute of Science, of Rochester, N.Y.

I am a minister of the Gospel, but I do not hesitate to say that the reading of that book and the subsequent study of its contents have worked an all-powerful, important, and good influence over me. My recommendation of Personal Magnetism, a subject every man and woman may study with profit, is made after through investigation and with complete knowledge of its great value. I make this statement deliberately. The study of Personal Magnetism, as set forth in the admirable books I have mentioned above, should be next to the study of the Holy Bible.

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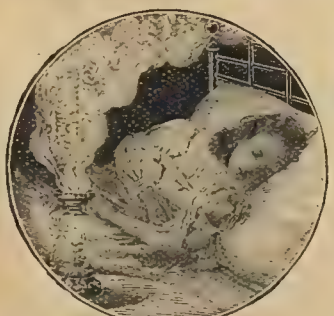

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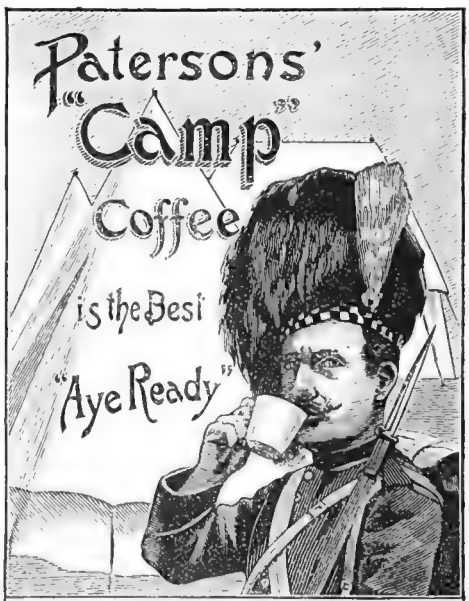

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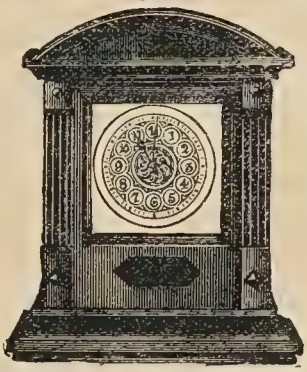

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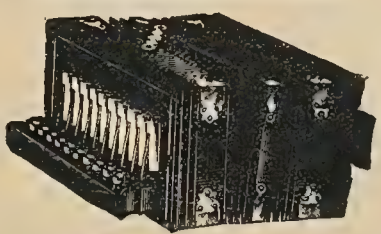

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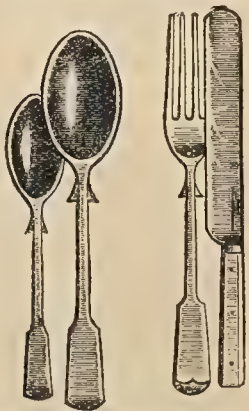

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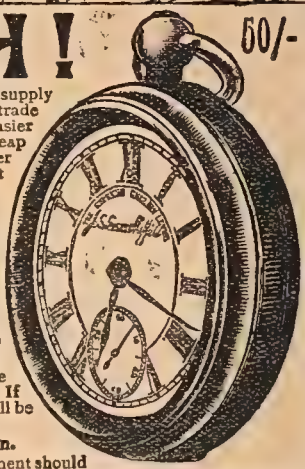

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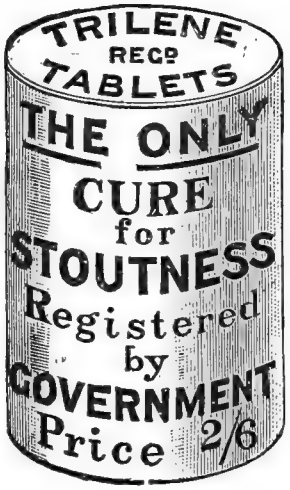

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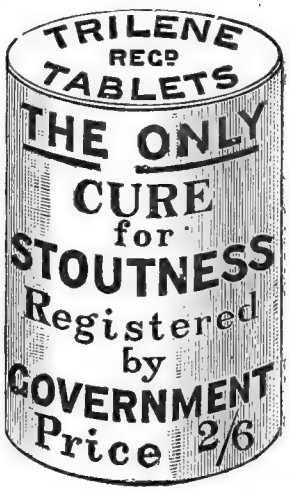

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Mrs. Fenton, 11, Wood Street, Tyldesley, writes: "Been fat all my life, but now your Tablets tell a tale. I have lost 17lb. already, and am delighted. Suffered untold trouble previously, but now do my work with pleasure."

Mrs. O'Connor, 2, Kensington Square Mansions, London, writes: "I am much less stout for taking them."

Mrs. Pearce, of Armstrong Road, Benwell, writes: "I am reduced from 12st. to 9¼st., and do not get any heavier."

Count Ehrenwaud, of Liatorp, Sweden, writes, 9th Oct., 1899: "The person who took Tablets lost 18lb. during the cure."

Mrs. Kay, of "The Cross Keys," Upwood, writes: "Great benefit from Tablets. To my surprise they reduced me 8lb. the first week."

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

G. A. Gale, Esq., of Bothenhampton, Bridport, says: "Tablets most beneficial, and greatly reduced my weight. I feel better generally."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

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Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for Volumes I.—VI. of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes 3, 4, 5, 6 may also be had, price 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

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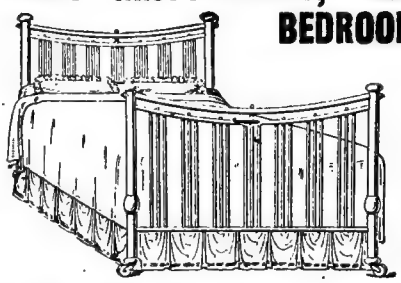

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Photo, Foulsham & Banfield.

ETHEL WARWICK.

If she had not been an actress she would have been a first-class artist. It was while she was studying with the brush that she came across that indefatigable manager, Mr. George Edwardes. There was a brief tussle between art and drama—and drama won. She is a very beautiful girl, and her hands and arms are simply exquisite, of which she is not a little proud. She has been the source of inspiration of more than one exhibitor at the Academy.

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From · The · Stalls

LOUIE FREEAR.

She was earning eight shillings a week when she was eight weeks old. She was the stage baby then, and to-day—she is also the stage baby. For she is only four feet and a half, this great, little lady. Great—for what greater act can there be than to make people happy? And if laughter be an outward sign of happiness, then Louie Freear makes hundreds happy every night of the year. But she feels sure she could make them cry as well, if only a pathetic part were given her. And since so many people enjoy a good cry, won't some enterprising manager see that little, great Louie Freear's wish is gratified?

Photos, Hana.

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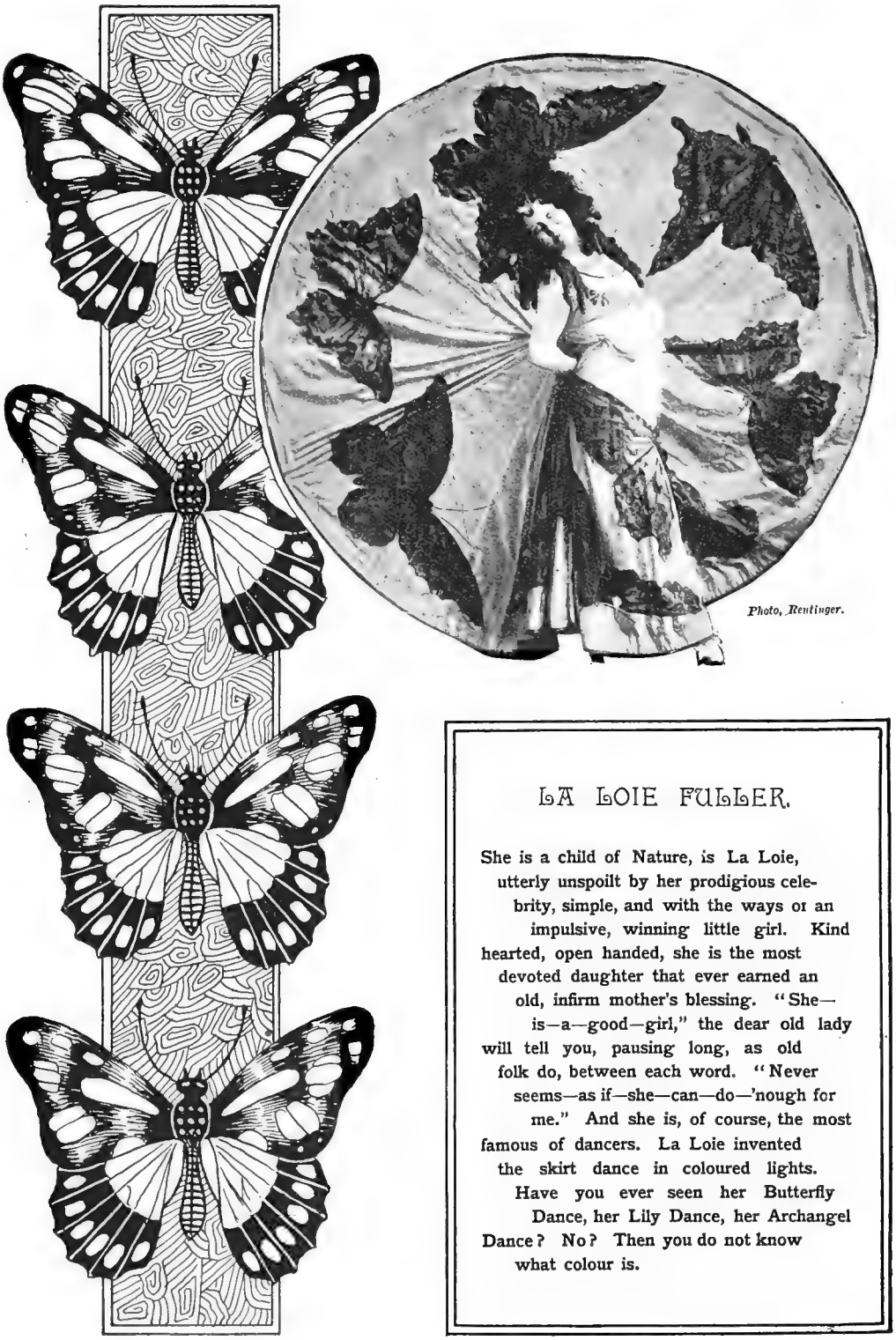

Photo, Reutlinger.

LA LOIE FULLER.

She is a child of Nature, is La Loie, utterly unspoilt by her prodigious celebrity, simple, and with the ways of an impulsive, winning little girl. Kind hearted, open handed, she is the most devoted daughter that ever earned an old, infirm mother's blessing. "She—is—a—good—girl," the dear old lady will tell you, pausing long, as old folk do, between each word. "Never seems—as if—she—can—do—'nough for me." And she is, of course, the most famous of dancers. La Loie invented the skirt dance in coloured lights. Have you ever seen her Butterfly Dance, her Lily Dance, her Archangel Dance? No? Then you do not know what colour is.

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Photo, Ellis & Walery.

JANET ALEXANDER.

Her first appearance before a London audience was in "A Man of His Word." The part she took in that play seemed to me exactly suited to her temperament: an English girl, merry, light-hearted, yet strong of character, faithful, and with a fund of deep emotion. It was not a very important part, and yet when you left the theatre you remembered it to have been one of the most impressive things in a not very impressive play. Miss Alexander has played with enormous success in the country, and that an equal measure of success may attend her in London is the devout wish of all who witnessed her performance. A bright, engaging girl.

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Photo, W. & D. Downey.

QUEENIE LEIGHTON.

Her life, she tells you, has been uneventful, unromantic, and full of hard work in the provinces. She made her first appearance before a London audience in "The Toreador"—"and my feelings on the first night can only be imagined by those who have gone through the ordeal." But she is an old hand now; she knows her London audience and her London audience knows her. A bright and happy-minded girl, Miss Leighton, who has no complaint to make against life in general or anyone in particular. Her great ambition is to go in for serious parts, but in the meanwhile—long live musical comedy! She loves Yorkshire terriers, and has one sad weakness—hats.

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Photo, Hana.

MARGARET HALSTAN.

Though already widely known, she has a still greater future in store. For she has what many actresses unfortunately lack—brains. I suppose she is the only actress in the world who is quite as much at home on the French and German as on the English stage. Each of the three languages she speaks like a native. Her spare time is given to athletics of all descriptions.

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Photo, Hana.

FANNIE WARD.

"Who was the smartest woman of the season?" Such was the query which a well-known journal lately put to its readers, and when the thousands of votes were counted up it was found that Miss Ward had easily out-distanced all other ladies in the Kingdom. So she received a hundred-and-fifty guinea dressing-case from the enterprising journal. Miss Ward lately became the wife of Mr. Joe Lewis, the African millionaire; but it is said that her retirement from the stage is only temporary. Let us hope so, for if she is the smartest woman in London, she is certainly one of the cleverest of London's actresses.

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Photo, Ellis & Walery.

GAYNOR ROWLANDS.

The ideal editor should know the worth of an article by a mere glance at its title. The ideal theatrical manager should discern the embryo actress by the mere glimpse of her face. Mr. George Edwardes is such a manager, and his instinct was never truer than when he engaged Miss Rowlands. She is very young, but this is no fault; she is very pretty, she is clever, and her voice is distinctly sweet. What more can a young actress require, and what more can the public demand?

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THE UMANIA AFFAIR

By Orme Agnus.

"My dear fellow, I can't tell you how delighted I am to see you, but you are run down and no mistake. But never mind; before we touch Sandy Hook you'll be a different being. The Atlantic is the finest tonic in the world, I always maintain."

It was thus Captain Sibley, of the *Umania*, fleetest of Atlantic greyhounds, greeted his friend, De Warr, the great detective.

De Warr had long boasted he never needed or took a holiday, but three months previously he had fallen prostrate before an attack of influenza, and at last in May he rejoiced Sibley's heart by wiring that he was going to see what a voyage across the Atlantic and back could do for him, and had, of course, booked his passage by the *Umania*.

Among the passengers with whom De Warr had struck up an acquaintance was his *vis-à-vis* at the dinner-table, a Frenchman named Monteil, who was accompanied by his daughter, a beautiful girl of nineteen.

De Warr, who among his other accomplishments, numbered an intimate knowledge of the French language and of French modes of thought, found Monteil within certain limits a well-informed and cultured gentleman. His views, however, were circumscribed by an exclusive patriotism that was really amusing; the other nations were barbarians, envious of French progress and enlightenment, and, in short, there was no good to be found, save in *la belle France*.

De Warr delicately hinted his surprise that so ardent a patriot could tear himself away from his country, but to that Monsieur returned no answer, but changed the subject.

Mademoiselle, his daughter, was altogether charming. This was her first voyage, and she found everything novel and delightful. She spoke French, but understood hardly a word of English, and she was unaffectedly delighted when De Warr conversed with her in her own tongue, and, for his own amusement, taught her English phrases.

It was glorious weather the second day out from Queenstown, with temperature far above the average for May, and in the evening most of the passengers were on deck listening to a nigger minstrel entertainment, organised by the second officer with the assistance of the male members of the theatrical party.

When the performance began, De Warr found the girl a seat next to the third officer, Manton, and then stood with Monteil under the lee of a boat listening to the performance.

A few minutes afterwards De Warr went forward to have a few words with Sibley, and the Frenchman, lighting a cigarette, went and leant against the rail.

Hardly a minute later he put his hand to his side, gave a feeble, inarticulate cry, and began to reel and stagger.

At that moment De Warr was just returning to Mademoiselle, and with one

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or two others who were standing near, rushed to his assistance. But before they could reach him he fell in a heap on the deck and a little blood oozed from his mouth.

De Warr looked hastily towards Mademoiselle. She was laughing and chatting with Manton, unconscious of what had happened.

"Form a ring round him," he said in a low voice to the others, "and do nothing to attract attention — his daughter is sitting yonder. I will fetch the doctor," and he hurried off.

In less than three minutes he returned with Selwyn, the ship's doctor, and the latter at once knelt down and examined the prostrate man. His words gave the bystanders a severe shock as, looking up into their faces, he said quietly, "Help me to carry him below, please, as unobtrusively as possible; he is dead."

Selwyn and another carried him while the others acted as a screen to hide the sight from those who were listening to the entertainment. But quickly and unobtrusively as it was done, it was noticed by one or two who passed the news on to others that the French gentleman had had a seizure of some kind. As yet they were unaware that he was beyond help.

As soon as the body had been carried below, Dr. Selwyn went to report to the Captain, who was greatly shocked.

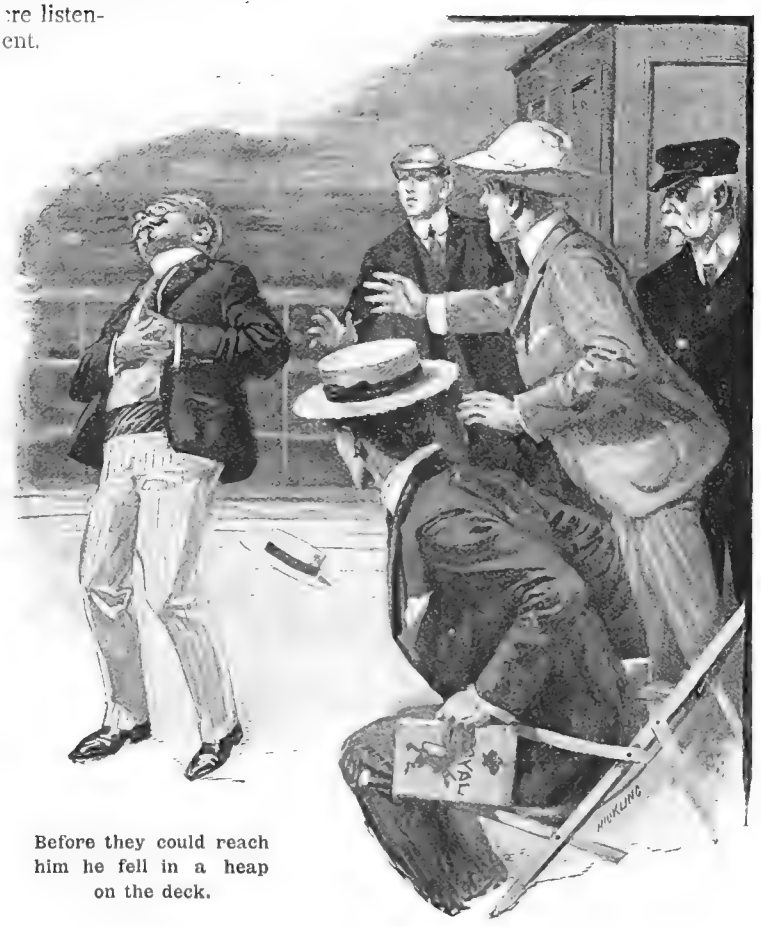
"Are you certain he is dead, Selwyn?" he asked.

"There is no possibility of doubt, I am sorry to say," was the doctor's reply. "Although the little blood that came from his mouth might point to the rupture of a blood-vessel, I am convinced from the suddenness of his death, that his heart must have been grievously wrong for some time. It will be necessary for you, sir, to break the news to his daughter. She is yonder, chatting with Manton, and unaware of what has befallen her, poor thing."

The Captain winced.

"Very well, Selwyn, I must do it, I suppose. I will go below now and you must send her to me at once. And directly she has left, tell Manton to acquaint the people with this tragic business and stop the merry-making. Poor girl! poor girl!"

In order that Mademoiselle might suspect nothing nor ask him awkward questions, Selwyn tried to deliver his message with a nonchalant air and tone, but he thought he must have failed in his endeavour, for she sprang up on the instant with blanched face and fear in her eyes, exclaiming in a breath: "The Captain? Why? Why? Where is my father?"



Before they could reach him he fell in a heap on the deck.

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Selwyn, aghast, interrupted her with a falsehood. "I—I don't know, Mademoiselle. Come, please, I will conduct you to him."

Without another word she accompanied him to the Captain's private room, and when he had shown her in, Selwyn beat a hasty retreat.

* * * *

Half-an-hour later the Captain sent for Selwyn. "Good Heavens, Selwyn," he exclaimed, wiping the perspiration from his face, "of all the things I have ever had to do, that was by far the most painful. I have taken her to her room and made her lie down. The stewardess is with her, but do go and give her an opiate, or I believe she will go mad."

Selwyn nodded, and went to do the Captain's bidding. In a short time he returned. "I have given her a good dose of chloral, sir, and she'll have some hours of merciful oblivion," he said.

"Listen to me, Selwyn," said the Captain. "She believes—that is—what did he die from?"

"As I have said, sir, it must have been heart disease—he literally dropped down dead. Did she not say that she knew his heart was wrong? He must have had one of these attacks before."

"No," said Sibley slowly, "she does not believe that heart disease was the cause of death."

"Indeed! what then?"

"I will tell you what took place, Selwyn. She guessed he was dead before I could speak, but when she had recovered a little from the shock, she exclaimed passionately,

"'But, Monsieur, you are wrong, the doctor is wrong, my poor dear father has been murdered.' For the moment I thought the shock had unhinged her mind, particularly as she spoke so vehemently, and I tried to calm her and disabuse her of the notion, telling her again what you stated was the cause of death, and pointing out that he could not have been murdered on deck in the presence of so many.

"But it was all in vain; his health was good and his heart sound, she declared; she was convinced he had been murdered.

"Naturally, I asked what grounds she had for this belief, and she told me that for the last two years her father had gone in great fear for his life from some unknown enemies, and, moreover, that he had undertaken this voyage to escape from them. She asserts that he sold a flourishing business in Bordeaux—he was a jeweller—and they were going to the States to bury themselves in California.

"'I shall be safe there,' he told her more than once. I asked her who and what these enemies were, but she says he would never tell her."

"I don't know what to think, sir. Everything pointed to heart disease, though, of course, I may be—but then, those who were near him said that he was promenading alone and only a moment before had been chatting in good spirits. No one was within six feet of him. On the face of it such a notion looks absolutely preposterous."

"Could—could he have been poisoned, Selwyn?"

"There is only one way, sir, properly to settle the question. I must make a post-mortem. Do you authorise me to do so?"

"Yes," said the Captain after a moment's thought, "and you had better begin at once. I should like to be able to reassure the poor girl when she awakes."

"He was smoking a cigarette when he fell, I believe. If I find anything suspicious, I must make a search for the fag-end."

"I will look myself," said the Captain, "meantime you can go on with your work here. Heaven grant it *is* heart-disease!"

* * * *

A little after midnight Captain Sibley went to De Warr's berth and roused him from his sleep.

"I am sorry to disturb you," he said, "particularly as you came on this voyage for rest and change, but we thought you might advise and help us."

De Warr was out of his berth while the Captain was speaking.

"Of course you may count on me, old fellow," he said. "You can tell me what it is while I am dressing. Your face tells me it is something very serious."

The Captain told his story, and when he had finished De Warr gave his friend a glance of keen scrutiny but said nothing, and they went in silence to the cabin, and Sibley locked the door behind them.

Selwyn nodded to De Warr, and the Captain remarked:

"I have told Selwyn who you really are. Proceed, Selwyn."

The doctor threw back the sheet from the corpse and pointed to a tiny wound in the left side. "See here," he exclaimed.

"A bullet wound," said De Warr laconically.

"Yes," responded the doctor. "The wound as you see is very small, and as there

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was practically no external bleeding, I never noticed it until I was proceeding with the post-mortem. Here is the bullet," and he handed to De Warr a small bullet made of silver which had been conical when fired, but had spread at the tip on striking against the ribs. "But that is not all, Mr. De Warr," added the doctor gravely. "It was hollow and contained prussic-acid, though for some reason or other the poison did not escape until the poor fellow had been dead for some time."

"What do you make of it, De Warr?" broke in the Captain, who was in a terrible state of excitement and agitation. "How could that bullet have been fired on the crowded deck and no flash seen or report heard?"

"I can't answer at present the questions you have put to me," De Warr said quietly, but with a new note of resolute energy in his voice, "but I am going to try to find out. You put this affair into my hands, Sibley? Thank you," as the Captain nodded. "The first thing I ask is that not a sound is breathed about this—you are satisfied that it is heart-disease and have no suspicions that there is an assassin on board."

The Captain nodded; so did Selwyn.

De Warr skilfully plied her with question after question.

"One thing I can tell you already. I know by whose orders this was done; I have heard of the scoundrelly gang that kills those it considers traitors by silver bullets which are poisoned. It is known as the Red Brotherhood, a new secret Anarchist society that only came into existence four or five years ago."

For three hours De Warr paced the deck oblivious of all around him. No one knew better than himself the difficulties of the problem he had been given to solve. Here was a community almost as large as that of a small town and with no clue to go upon, he had in the short space of three days to find the assassin—an assassin who was to all appearance infinitely cunning and resourceful.

All desire for sleep had gone from him, and as soon as the day began to dawn he went below and roused the doctor, who followed him on deck. He placed himself on the spot where Monteil had fallen in order that Selwyn might assist him in ascertaining from what direction the bullet had come, and then he went down on his hands and knees, and with a magnifying-glass examined the deck. But there was nothing to be learnt.

Captain Sibley, still looking pale and troubled, came up. "Well, De Warr?" said he in a low tone.

"There is nothing to learn here," responded the detective. "I must confess this is a hard problem. But I don't despair for one moment. I must talk to Mademoiselle presently to see if she can tell me anything. I know, of course, the kind of v[illegible]on used, but—"

"What!" exclaimed the two listeners in a breath.

"Yes, it was with—but there, I will say no more now, but I should be obliged if both of you would kindly keep your eyes open to-day and let me know if you see any passenger with a telescope, or camera!

* * * *

At De Warr's suggestion, Captain Sibley sent for Mademoiselle to his cabin. Their

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doubts as to how much they should tell her were at once set at rest, for her first words on entering the cabin were: "You have sent for me to tell me my father was murdered, is it not so?"

"To our grief it is so, Mademoiselle," answered De Warr.

"Then the murderer must be found," she cried fiercely, and then broke into wild sobbing.

They waited in silence until the fit of weeping had exhausted itself.

"Pardon me, Messieurs," she said, "I—I—"

"We share your sorrow, Mademoiselle," said De Warr. "I want you to listen calmly to me for a few minutes. I am an English detective, Mademoiselle, and I hope to discover the criminal. Will you kindly answer me some questions with that object?"

"Anything," she said, and De Warr skilfully plied her with question after question. She could, however, throw no further light on the matter. Her mother had been dead seven years, but it was only in the last two years that the change had come over her father. Formerly the gayest and most sociable of men, he had become fearful and morose, and seldom ventured out alone.

"Thank you, Mademoiselle," said De Warr, concealing his disappointment. He had hoped she might furnish him with some small clue.

De Warr has always maintained that his success as an investigator in the dark secrets of humanity is due principally to his observation of character, and he spent the day on deck subjecting his fellow-passengers to unobserved but minute scrutiny.

He examined the list of passengers and found seven French names beside Monteil's, among them being two married couples. He had them pointed out to him and watched them carefully. Two of the unmarried Frenchmen who seemed bosom friends and shared the same cabin, struck him as being of a sinister aspect, and with Sibley's collusion, he searched their cabin while they were at dinner.

His judgment of their characters was confirmed on examining their baggage; he found enough to convince him that they were a pair of swindling adventurers. But rogues though they were, there was nothing to connect them with the murder, and again he was baffled.

* * * *

The last morning of the voyage had come, and De Warr had hardly eaten or slept since the murder.

He was leaning against the rail that morning asking himself for the thousandth time: "How was the weapon carried? How could it be carried?" and finding no answer to the question, when his eye fell on a figure on deck and the blood throbbed in his temples and for the moment made him dizzy. It was an old, white-haired German, bent as if with rheumatism, who was feebly walking up and down with the aid of a stout stick. The feeble old gentleman, who was voyaging alone, had been a familiar sight during the voyage, and more than one had taken pity on him and engaged him in conversation. He was going, he said, to spend the evening of a long life with his married daughter—the wife of Herr Heinrich Wirtstein, the wealthy merchant of Kansas City, he added proudly.

De Warr had seen him every day, but now he looked at him as though scales had fallen from his eyes. And then he remembered that old Herr Arndt had been on deck that evening, and—

The old man was creeping along some yards ahead. De Warr strode out, passed him, and walked on to the end of the promenade, then turning and with head bent down, as though in a fit of deep abstraction, he advanced briskly upon the German.

A collision was imminent, but when only a step from each other, the old man stepped aside with considerable nimbleness.

De Warr apologised profusely and passed on. "Extricated himself wonderfully, considering he is so old and feeble," he muttered to himself with a smile of satisfaction.

As long as Herr Arndt remained on deck, De Warr devoted himself to observing his every movement, and followed him below when he went to take some refreshment. This gave the detective the opportunity for which he had been waiting, for before proceeding to the dining-saloon, the old man went to his private cabin, and to his intense satisfaction, De Warr observed that he had left his stick behind him. It was not the first time that De Warr had been on other people's premises 'with intent,' as the law has it, and he was soon in the German's cabin.

The stick was nowhere visible, and he was in great fear that the owner might come back before he had discovered it, but to know that such care was taken of it gave him great satisfaction, and made his suspicions certainties. At last he found it behind a curtain, and knew by its weight directly he

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touched it, that in his hands was the weapon that had shot Monteil. He examined it hurriedly and found all his suspicions verified.

On his way to the Captain he met Selwyn. "Come with me," he cried gleefully. "At last! at last!"

Sibley was in his cabin writing when they entered, but he jumped up as he saw the expression on his friend's face.

"Observe," said De Warr. "I hold in my hand the stick of poor, old, feeble Herr Arndt. Notice, I unscrew the ferrule and you look down a steel rifle barrel. The top unscrews, but you only need to give this small nob a half turn, then press it, and the weapon is fired. A most ingenious weapon, you will admit."

The two looked at him too dumfounded to speak.

"I have been a great fool in this matter," went on De Warr. "You see I was convinced that the weapon must be concealed in some innocent article, and that is why I asked you to let me know if you noticed anyone with a glass or camera. As men don't usually carry walking-sticks on board ship, I never thought of one. It was most incredibly stupid."

"But how was it fired? How was it there was neither flash nor report?" asked Sibley.

"Oh, it is fired by a globule of highly-compressed carbonic gas — of course, you have heard of it before? No?" as both shook their heads. "There is literally no noise beyond a slight hiss that would only be noticed in perfect stillness. I remember remarking when I first saw one of these rifles, that it was an assassin's weapon."

"Talk about luck to the Horse Marines," said the Captain. "But how did you come to suspect him?"

"Inspiration," he replied with a laugh. "I had seen *mein Herr* every day, but it was not until this morning that I really saw him."

"What would you advise should be done now?" asked the doctor.

"I think you had better send for him here, Sibley," said De Warr. "Say you would like to speak to him for a moment."

The Captain called one of the stewards. "Gregory," he said, "I want to speak to that feeble old gentleman, Herr Arndt, whom you will find either in the dining-saloon or in his cabin. Give him my compliments and say I wish to see him for a few minutes here. You will wait to conduct him here. Offer him your arm, but if he wishes to know why I send for him, you do not know."

"Yes, sir," said Gregory, and went off.

The trio sat waiting in silence for some minutes, when De Warr sprang to his feet. "Again I have been an ass," he said in low but emphatic tones. "I deserve to be kicked. I felt so satisfied with myself that I forgot. I ought to have returned this," pointing to the stick, "before we sent for him."

"Oh, what does it matter?" said Sibley, but the next moment both he and Selwyn sprang up as cries came from the deck, "Man overboard!"

"Our man, I'll wager," cried De Warr, as they made a rush for the deck.

Gregory met them breathlessly. "It's the gentleman, sir," he panted. "He said he must go to his cabin first, and I let him. And then he made a rush up on deck, sir, and jumped clean overboard. I never saw an old man so quick as he was."

A boat was lowered, but all search was in vain. De Warr overhauled his baggage, but beyond materials for disguise, there was nothing to throw light on his identity, nor why the Red Brotherhood had, by his hand, encompassed Monteil's death. It was and is still a mystery.

Mademoiselle Monteil returned to Bordeaux, and some months later De Warr was glad to receive a letter from her announcing her marriage.

The portrait, in native costume, of Sarath Kumar Ghosh, the Indian writer of "Indian Nights' Entertainment" in Pearson's Magazine. The stories, which are appearing each month, are of thrilling interest, and deal with the mysterious sciences of the East.

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FASTER THAN THE EXPRESS TRAIN

THE AUTOMOBILE RACE FROM PARIS TO BERLIN

By Walter Wellman.

Fournier bent low from his seat; one hand grasped the controller, the other the steering-gear. He was not nervous. Twenty years of wheel-racing (he was twice champion bicyclist of France and once of the world), scores of hard-won victories, a thousand struggles with the wind in his eyes and his hair in the wind, had inured him to the tension of such moments as these. But it was tension—there was no mistaking that. His face was haggard, dust-grimed; his shoulders, usually square like a general's, drooped and rounded. His great goggles, black, uncanny, gave him the outward appearance of some new sort of demon, born of this high-keyed, time-killing, space-destroying age. His hands did not tremble, but they gripped the steel with a tense grip.

Bending low, his jacket buttoned tightly around him to catch little wind, his assistant crouching at his feet out of range of the swift-flying currents of air produced by the mad flight of the machine, Fournier slipped the controller up to the last notch. Instinctively he tried to compress his body into yet smaller space; instinctively he thrust his head far forward, feeling a sharp pain in the back of his neck as he did so. A thousand times had he done this in the last three days; even the neck of an athlete will wince at last under the strain of many repetitions of that involuntary effort to crane forward on the outlook, as one rushes to the rail of a steamer and leans out over the water, vainly hoping to see another craft at a league's distance.

There was great need that Fournier should see. His eyes, his nerves all high-strung, were the only things that stood between him and instant death. For he was flying with the speed of the wind in its moments of cyclonic rage straight along the German highway near the royal town of Potsdam—flying at eighty miles an hour through a narrow lane between two black fringes.

He knew these dark borders of the white dusty path were composed of human atoms, because his ears—not his eyes—told him so. He could hear the shouts, "Bravo, Fournier! Bravo, Fournier!" He heard the strongest-lunged cry the first word; but the phrase was for him finished by another strong-lunged man forty yards farther on—so fast he flew! The two lines of people, with their variegated colours of coats and gowns and sunshades, and the brighter millinery hues of the women, blended into two darkish streaks bordered with the flesh-tints of rows of ruddy faces. From these dark walls a roar of shouts and cries came out at him, rolled along with him; he could hear it rumble and die away behind him—marks of the sensation produced by his meteoric passage.

Had he looked backward he would have seen the parallel bands of men and women fluttering, trying to break into the highway; two inner restraining walls of soldiers, each man gripping the outstretched hands of his two neighbours, trying to hold them. So great was the pressure from without that the walls wavered, stretched, elastic-like; more pressure, and they broke, as fist slipped from fist. The mob hurled itself into the road, buried itself in the cloud of dust, eager to see it knew not what—it was driven back by the police, gesticulating, shouting, shoving.

Fournier had passed on his way to Berlin, but others were coming—Girardot, Brazier, Réné de Knyff, Charron, Farman; and the Government of the Kaiser had pledged itself to keep a clear way. German authority, German discipline, were on trial. So the road was quickly swept by the police and the soldiers; the masses were again pressed into shape at the margins; the restraining walls of burly figures, cemented together by gripped moist hands, were speedily reconstructed.

But Fournier saw none of this. He did not look backward. His work lay before

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him, where there were no clouds of dust—thanks to the prowess which had put all rivals to the rear—but always the open lane between the two windrows of waiting mortals, the compressed human masses which were never at rest, but ever beating against the backs of the bulwarks in uniform. Now a small boy—the human institution that is the same the world over—squeezes through the wall and sprawls upon the highway. To Fournier he is a mere speck in the distance—a speck of dirt, or matter out of place. But the small speck raises a large problem. When that urchin rises to his feet, will he attempt to cross the road? Will he return to the side whence he came? Or will he lose his head amidst the cries and the excitement, and stand there right in the course?

It seems a trifling thing: it is. But these are the problems on whose solution, rightly or wrongly, hangs success or failure. The decision must be reached, not through deliberation, not by calm consideration, not in minutes or even seconds, but in a flash. Here experience counts—long observation of average mortals in given situations. One glance, in which the figure of the sprawling lad is silhouetted upon the sensitive film of the brain—one glance, in which the master of the automobile measures every line and gesture, and from them reduces a probability of action, and Fournier's decision is reached. He does not check his speed—he is going to chance it.

What if there is a mistake in his calculation or his intuition? In the two seconds of time which have elapsed while the visual impression was being carried to his brain,

Fournier taking a sharp corner at full speed. His helper is leaning out in order to preserve the equipoise of the machine.

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With the goggles brought down over the eyes, and the flaps brought around covering the entire face, the automobilist is ready for the race.

and while he was going through the subconscious process which revoked the natural impulse to slow down at the first sign of danger—the boy still sprawling in the dirt—in these two seconds the giant automobile had travelled 234 feet. The black speck now has become a large, flustered boy, picking himself up from the dust 300 feet away. From behind his great goggles Fournier's eyes measure the distance and the corresponding time—less than three seconds. If the boy steps backward, all will be well; if he steps forward to the centre of the narrow path, someone else will win the international automobile race from Paris to Berlin, while Fournier stops to satisfy the law's demands by attending the inquest.

Now Fournier can hear the people shouting at the youthful intruder. Two hundred feet and two seconds remain. The boy starts backward, but he is too slow. He has poor calculation of distance and time. He may gauge the approach of swift locomotives, but the swifter automobiles are beyond his ken. Ah! A soldier thrusts out his hand, grabs the youngster's jacket, and with a quick jerk of his forearm pulls him in. The big, white, racing machine rushes over the spot, amid guttural cries of relief from the excited multitude. Fournier's flash of divination had flashed true.

Fournier swept on. The throngs on either side of him grew denser. The white road, a mere path through a black mass, was always clear. All along the soldier-wall there are no stray vehicles or other obstacles. Through royal Potsdam, along the banks of the Spree, past beautiful castles, and the crowds are spreading wider every moment. Hoarser and more prolonged the cry of admiration and encouragement that rolls along with him. The road is good here, the grade is favourable, and the driver makes the most of it. Ahead the white path comes to an end, and runs plump into the dark masses.

A blue flag greets his eye, the official signal for slow speed, *un passage dangereux*. It is a sharp turn in the road. Slipping the controller back to the third speed, Fournier approaches the turn. He is still going fifty miles an hour. The great machine rises; it virtually runs on two wheels; the helper leans far out from it to counterbalance the effect of its momentum. The spectators gasp as they see the big racer poised in the air, sweeping round the turn. They cheer when it comes down on all fours and rushes away towards Berlin.

Having reached a slight elevation in the road the hardy *chauffeur* turns for one quick glance behind him. It is enough, for, looking over the dust-cloud which he himself had raised, he can see no rival within striking distance. Fournier smiles. He slackens speed. The crowds are pressing hard against the restraining walls, and something might break. With his good lead it is now needful only to avert accident and the result is assured.

Farther on, more blue flags, more turnings of the road. Fournier tries to speak to his mechanic, but cannot make himself heard; his words are swallowed up in the din of the excited people. They are shouting at him all manner of greetings which he cannot understand. His heart leaps as he sees before him the flags and stands of the hippodrome at Tradderenaben, in the outskirts of Berlin. Berlin at last!

Half of Prussia appears to be there. Fournier spits from his lips some of the accumulated dust. Rising in his seat, he can see nothing but acres of humanity. They are all roaring at him. As he sweeps into the inclosure and appears upon the race-track, the cries of 50,000 people drown all the noise of his motor. Everywhere flags are flying—the flags of Germany and France together.

As the gray racer and its grimy driver roll up before the tribune—filled with the fine people of the town—a German military band

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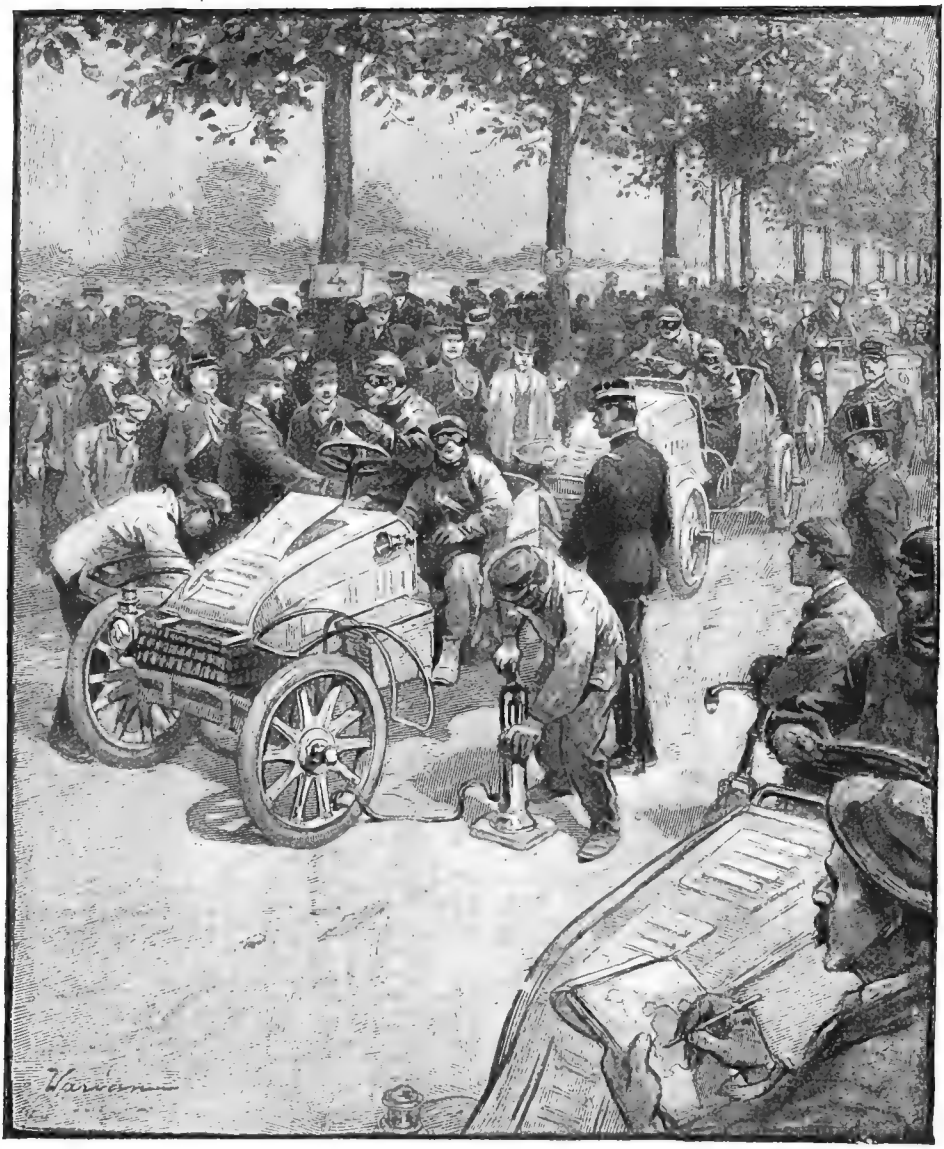
strikes up the "Marseillaise" in honour of the Frenchman who is victor of the greatest long-distance automobile race ever run.

In spite of police, of soldiers, in spite of everything, the enthusiastic people surge out upon the track. They surround the big machine, eager to touch its body or the thick rubber tyres. The police fight them off at last, and clear a way so that Fournier can move up to the post, sign the register at the control, and complete his triumph in accordance with the rules. It is done. Paris-Berlin has been run and won. Henri Fournier is nearly smothered in the embraces of his friends from France. Upon his head they place a laurel wreath. His machine is covered with flowers. The president of the Automobile Club of Germany gives him official welcome. Then the crowd lift him upon their shoulders, and carry him away to clear the dust of the German highway from his throat in a loving cup of *Weissbier*.

Picturesque, indeed, was the scene at Fort de Champigny, on the outskirts of Paris, early



The start on the road to Champigny, July 27th.

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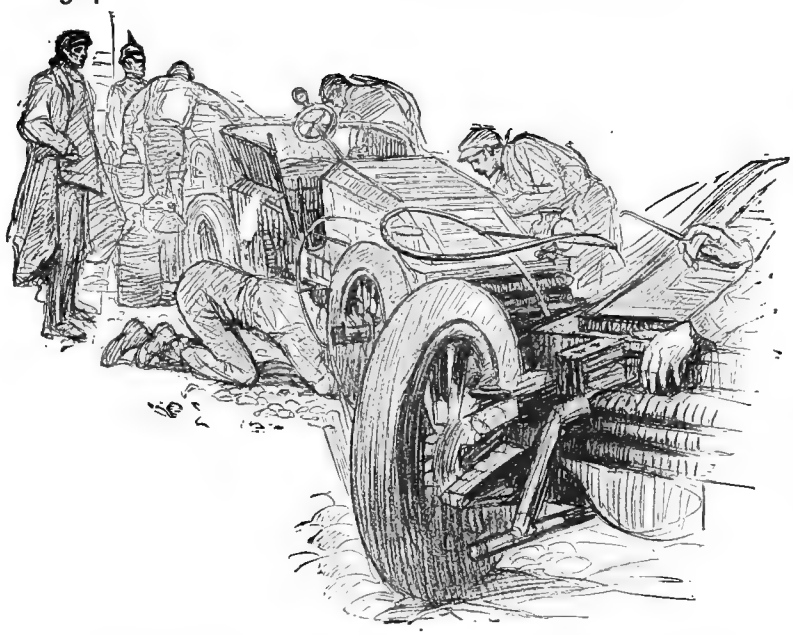

Grooming the horses. After arrival at Aix-la-Chapelle only fifteen minutes was allowed to look after the machines.

in the morning of July 27th. As the first gray dawn-light crept down from the north, great crowds of men and women were to be seen along the boulevard. All through the night they had been coming from Paris—afoot, in automobiles, on bicycles, in swell carriages, in hired *voitures*, for which some had paid as high as 360 francs the night. There was a feast of lanterns and of headlights moving to and fro. Little could be heard but the shrill hoots of wheelmen's horns, and the deeper bass of the automobile sirens. There was a hum of conversation—a babel of shouts.

By daylight the police had cleared the way. Officials were running about, excitedly endeavouring to get everyone into his assigned place. For a time the air was filled with the grunting of huge automobile racers, the teuf-teuf of the voiturettes, and the sharp, short explosions of the motor-cycles, as competitor after competitor moved to his station. As the favourites appeared, cries were heard here and there, "*Voilà Fournier!*" "*Voilà Girardot!*" or Farman or Charron, as the case might be. By half-past three 109 racing vehicles, each bearing its official number on a large placard, were drawn up, one after the other, each by a tree marked with the corresponding numerals. Just before 3.30—it was now almost broad daylight in the latitude of Paris—the timekeeper counted off the final seconds: "*Dix, cinq, quatre, trois, deux, un—partez!*"

M. Giraud, in a giant racing machine, darted away on the long road to Berlin. Exactly two minutes later Number 2, M. Gilles Hourgières, started in pursuit of Giraud. Then Fournier moved up to the post and was sent away in his turn. He was Number 4, but Number 3 had dropped out. After Fournier came Charron, Girardot, Réné de Knyff, famous *chauffeurs* all. And so for over three hours the work went on till the last of the 109 competitors had been despatched upon his way to the German capital. Never before had there been so many competitors, never before such elaborate arrangements. For months the automobile clubs of France and Germany, with the co-operation of the clubs of England and Belgium, had been making preparations.

Contestants paid an entrance fee of 300 francs or less, and started in the order their applications were received. There were four classes—(1) automobiles weighing more than 1,450 pounds; (2) automobiles weighing from 880 to 1,450 pounds; (3) voiturettes weighing from 550 to 880 pounds; and (4) motor-cyclettes weighing less than 550 pounds. The actual starters were forty-one heavy automobiles, of which two were steam and five alcohol; forty-seven light automobiles, ten voiturettes, and eleven motor-cycles. Each vehicle in the two heavy classes was required to carry at least two men, side by side, and if the weight of the two travellers fell below 310 pounds the deficiency had to be made up in ballast.

All along the course from Paris to Berlin the road had been carefully surveyed. The dangerous points were marked by blue flags. Places at which full stops were required were denoted by yellow flags. Hundreds of placards indicated the course, so that at turnings and cross-roads no contestant need lose his way. By the co-operation of the

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local authorities the road was kept cleared during the hours of the race, all ordinary traffic being required to keep scrupulously to the right, leaving an open space for the flying vehicles.

About fifty towns were "neutralised"; that is to say, all competitors were required to consume the same time in passing through them. At the entrance to each neutralised town a "control" was established, and another at the exit. When a contestant arrived at the first control his time was taken by the official time-keeper and written down upon a card. This was handed over to a bicycle-pilot, who conducted the racer through the town at slow speed. Not till the legal time had elapsed was departure permitted from the other frontier. No vehicle could be pushed or pulled by any other persons than those it carried throughout the race.

So elaborate were the arrangements that more than 2,000 representatives of the automobile clubs — controllers, time-keepers, pilots, and flagmen—were scattered along the course, to say nothing of the many thousands of police and soldiers who aided in keeping a clear way. So well was all this work done, and so careful were all the contestants to obey the rules, that no complaints or protests arose in any quarter.

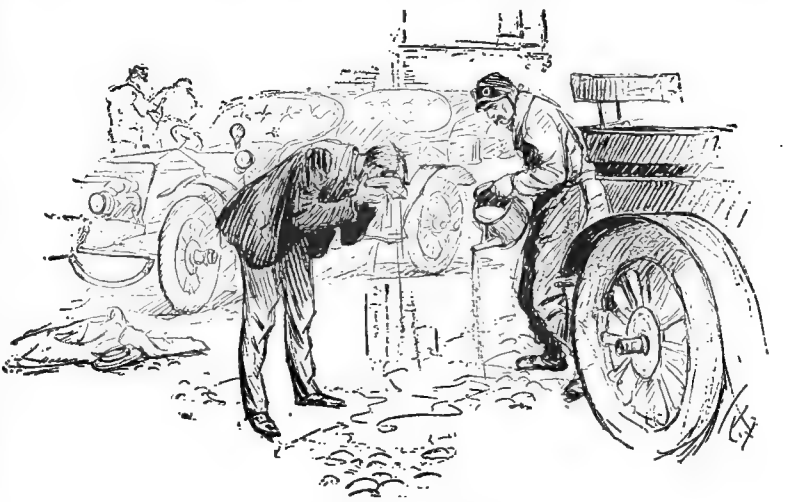
Of course the leading manufacturers were alert to the trade possibilities of the great race. One firm is reported to have incurred an expenditure of £7000, not including the cost of the machines it put into the contest. It sent out no fewer than seventy-seven mechanics, ready to make any needful repairs along the road. They were provided with tires, wheels, bolts, piston-rods, and many other parts, and were prepared to adjust them at a moment's notice.

An oil merchant scattered 1,500 gallons of petroleum along the route, to be taken up as needed by his customers. The value of the machines engaged in this contest runs up to high figures. Thirty of them cost from £1000 to £1600 each, fifty more from £600 to £1000.

Great excitement that 27th of July in Paris! Bulletins were received every few minutes at the automobile headquarters along the Avenue de la Grande Armée. Great interest throughout Europe. Who was to win the first stage of the journey, from Paris to Aix-la-Chapelle? Telegrams from various towns indicated that a battle-royal was on between the crack *chauffeurs*.

At Epernay, eighty miles from Paris, Gilles Hourgières was first, but close behind him were Fournier, Charron, Girardot, Réné de Knyff, Farman, and other formidable competitors. They were all Frenchmen, these leaders. No German, no Englishman, was at the front. A few miles farther on Fournier secured the lead, and he was at once picked for a winner by all who bore in mind his remarkable performance in the race at Bordeaux a few weeks before. How fierce was the struggle at this stage of the race may be judged by the fact that at Sedan less than an hour separated the first and the tenth arrival.

Unexpectedly early in the day came news of the arrival at Aix-la-Chapelle. Fournier had covered the 283 miles in 6 hours and 28 minutes, an average speed of about 44 miles per hour, "neutralisation" deducted. De Knyff was second in 6 hours 34 minutes; Voigt third in 6 hours 47 minutes. Janott, an Englishman driving a French machine, was the first of the foreigners, No. 13. Foxhall Keene, the only American in the race, was 18th. Madame Dugast, a plucky Frenchwoman, was 28th. The superiority of the heavy automobiles, with their great equipment of power, was shown by the fact that the first seventeen arrivals were of the



A preliminary toilet.

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first-class type, while few of the light automobiles or voiturettes made speed at all comparable with that of the leaders.

At Aix-la-Chapelle the contestants were to rest for the night. Following the rules, each man upon arrival placed his vehicle in the inclosure officially designated for that purpose, where he and his assistants were allowed precisely fifteen minutes for giving attention to the machine.

The number of persons admitted for this period was limited by the number of passengers the vehicle had carried in the race. For instance, Fournier's machine was permitted the attention of three men, having carried two passengers. But a voiturette or motor-cycle which had carried only its driver could be looked after by but one man in addition to the contestant himself. Next morning each *chauffeur* and his helpers were allowed one hour in which to prepare the machine for the day's journey.

At five o'clock the race was resumed. By virtue of his achievements of the previous day Fournier was now the first to start. He need take no one's dust so long as he can hold the lead. But can he hold it? De Knyff, second man, is only six minutes behind. Girardot, who ran Fournier hard in Paris-Bordeaux, is well up. Charron and Farman, always dangerous men, are not far away.

It is a race now for sure. The greatest *chauffeurs* in the world, driving the speediest and most powerful machines, are engaged in a desperate struggle. At Cologne more than a dozen racers pass within an hour. At Dusseldorf Girardot actually takes the lead from Fournier, though it is only a minute's margin that separates them. Antony is reported coming at a mad pace. Every man in the race is on his mettle. His blood is up. One dust cloud follows another along the highway.

Everywhere the two lines of waiting people —dense crowds in the towns and villages, thinner fringes in the rural districts, but people everywhere. As it had been in France and Belgium, so it is now in Germany. All the world loves a race, and from Paris to Berlin no need of guide-posts or placards to point the way. All the *chauffeur* has to do is to keep between the parallel lines of spectators stretching from town to town and from city to city.

Here the roads are not so good. There are many turns, and a turn is always a source of danger. Woe to the *chauffeur* who miscalculates speed and distance and rounds too fast. There are rough spots; and the keenest eyes, the greatest skill, the best judgment are at a premium. Edge, one of the Englishmen, is thrown out of the race by his machine taking a leap in the air at a culvert and falling, to come down on all fours. Foxhall Keene has a similar experience, alighting in a potato-patch. One contestant loses forty-five minutes and his chance of victory by running over and killing a small boy.

"I never felt sure of winning till I had reached the post," said Fournier; "within a mile—yes, a furlong of it—one may have a breakdown. A valve may go wrong, a rod snap, a tire explode. Is it the man or the machine that wins a race? It is both—and luck. As with the horse and the jockey, so with the automobile and the *chauffeur*. If either is deficient, the race is lost. Both are unavailing without good fortune. In all my races I have had good luck; I have never had a serious accident.

"Here is where good driving counts. According to my theory, the good driver should never have a road accident, such as a collision with another vehicle, or a person or a tree, or post or fence. The good driver will never let his machine go too fast round a turn or over a rough spot. This is what he is there for—to take advantage of all favourable openings, to avoid all dangers.

"What do I regard as the secret of my success? Caution—yes, caution more than nerve. The reckless man will never win. He is the pitcher who goes too many times to the well. The secret of success is to keep out of trouble, and that means to go slowly and carefully where there is danger. Then when conditions are favourable, when the way is clear and straight and smooth, push her like mad. *Chauffeurs* are born, not made. I do it, and I do not know how. It is not logic, but feeling. I feel danger. I follow my instinct rather than my reason.

"Say I am driving hard along a good road. A culvert appears in the distance. I have been over the course carefully two weeks before, in preparation for the race, as have most of my serious competitors. But I cannot remember every foot of a road 1200 kilometres long. Is that culvert safe at sixty or seventy miles an hour? Or is it likely to smash the machine, or toss one up in the air to come down in wreck and ruin? Strain the eye as much as I can, and I cannot see. I do not know. I must take my chance. I cannot say what others do, but in such cases I always have recourse to my feelings. If

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my instinct tells me to slow down, I slow. If instinct tells me to go on full speed, I go. Why it is I cannot explain, but my impulses seem always correct. They never fail me. I have grown to trust them.

"There are accidents which the best drivers cannot avert. Things will go wrong about the machine. A score of my competitors lost their chance by breakdowns. One who might have won a place had his machine disabled within sight of Berlin. The tires are a weak point in every automobile. I gained the lead the first day out from Paris, not by driving recklessly in the dust of Giraud and Hourgières, but by passing them while they were stopping to put on new tires. I never saw them again along the course.

"My machine lost eleven tires between Paris and Berlin, nine from punctures and two from explosions. Fortunately my mechanic was the quickest and strongest man in the trade. We replaced our tires in an average of nine minutes each. Many workmen need twelve or fifteen minutes, while the amateur *chauffeur* is likely to use a full half-hour."

In the history of automobile racing there was never a fiercer struggle than that on the road from Aix-la-Chapelle to Hanover. The most desperate contest was between Fournier and Antony. Fournier arrived first, but Antony made the faster journey. The latter had covered the 277 miles in the astonishing time of five hours and six minutes—fifty-four miles an hour! Fournier's time was five hours and twenty-four minutes. De Knyff and Girardot were only thirty minutes behind. Another night of rest for the racers whose overwrought nerves permitted them to sleep, a night of recuperation for the final struggle of the morrow.

"Did you rest well at Hanover?" I asked Fournier.

"Yes, I rested," he replied, "but I did not sleep, neither there nor at Aix-la-Chapelle. I had not a wink of sleep between Paris and Berlin. Both nights I tossed in my bed. There was always before my eyes that narrow road bordered with human beings, always some little child straying out in the path in front of me."

Next morning bright and early Fournier and his two helpers prepared their huge

The racers in the streets of Hanover. They are being piloted by official cyclists through the "neutralised" territory of the city.

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white racer for the day's work. They put on new tires, examined all the valves and gear, took on a supply of petroleum. At five o'clock Fournier, smiling, his good machine well in hand, his trusty mechanic by his side, took his place at the starting-post, was given the word, and sped away for Berlin. He had twenty-one minutes' time advantage over Antony, his nearest rival, thanks to his success of the first day.

Twelve minutes later Antony, the "dark horse," the "mad driver," set out impetuously on the trail of his antagonist. For a time the race was hot. Antony was determined to overtake the leader if sharp driving would do it. He had everything to gain, nothing to lose. Fournier, on the other hand, with the race in hand, with the scent of victory in his nostrils, had only to hold that which he had.

When the road was straight and smooth and good they flew like the wind. Eighty miles an hour was often reached on the best stretches with favourable gradients. Eighty miles an hour! Can you understand what that means? A mile in forty-five seconds! One hundred and seventeen feet in one second! While travelling on a fast railway train take out your watch and time the seconds from one mile-post to another. You will rarely find the number fifty-five.

The fastest single mile ever made by a locomotive, so far as is known, was in thirty-two seconds, and that on the best of steel tracks with a sharp down-grade. But here is a mile in forty-five seconds upon a country road. Imagine yourself in the seat with Fournier or Antony. At forty miles an hour your eyes, if unprotected by goggles, weep like Niobe, and the tears, instead of coursing down your cheeks, run back upon your temples. At fifty miles an hour, unprotected eyes go blind. At sixty miles an hour, a pebble in the path may cause the great racer to leap like a panther. At seventy miles an hour, one cannot hold to his seat without seizing and gripping something. At eighty miles an hour, only the hardiest of *chauffeurs* like Fournier can keep breath in body without use of a face-mask that covers nostrils and mouth.

At eighty miles an hour you travel the length of an American passenger train while turning your head for the swiftest sort of glance at the fleeting landscape. If you were traversing Broadway at that speed and lifted your hat to a lady at Thirty-fourth Street you would put it back on your head at Thirty-eight. You would cross twenty-seven intersecting streets in one minute. At eighty miles an hour one would travel from New York to Chicago in eleven and a half hours instead of twenty-four now used by the fastest trains. At eighty miles an hour the Empire State Express would pass from New York to Buffalo in five hours and a half instead of in the eight hours and a quarter which it now employs.

When one comes to think what eighty miles an hour actually means, it is not surprising that the racing *chauffeurs* had their hearts in their mouths when they saw a child standing in the course before them. It is true that even at this tremendous speed a big automobile may be brought to a dead stop in seventy-five yards, if one wishes to put on the brakes sharply, perhaps wreck his machine, possibly pitch himself out forward and break his neck. But stopping with the brakes is the smallest part of it.

Suppose Fournier had found it necessary to stop for the lad in the street near Potsdam. It would have taken him three seconds to go through the preliminary mental process and to disconnect; that is 350 feet. It would have taken three seconds to get the brake gear in motion and the brakes actually applied; that is 350 feet more. Add seventy-five yards for the operation of the brakes to the stopping point, and we have a total of 925 feet travelled from the instant the *chauffeur* reached his destination.

It is thus easy to see why the automobile racer must carry a good set of nerves in his personal equipment; and it is not difficult to understand why Fournier, after a sleepless night in Paris before the start, should lie a night at Aix-la-Chapelle and another night at Hanover with that black-bordered white path, in which stood a human figure, dancing ever before his eyes.

The race of automobiles is to the swift and to the sure. Fournier ran with alternating courage and caution. "Mad" Antony ran with recklessness ever. Not far from Hanover, while a good second, he met with an accident which threw him out of the race. Fournier, driving carefully on, was first at Berlin. In seventeen hours, three minutes, and forty-three seconds he had traversed the 745 miles which lie between Paris and Berlin —an average speed of almost forty-four miles an hour. Next was Girardot, an hour and six minutes later—"Girardot the Eternal Second," as the French call him, from the fact that this was his third time second in great long-distance races.

Four others, De Knyff, Brazier, and

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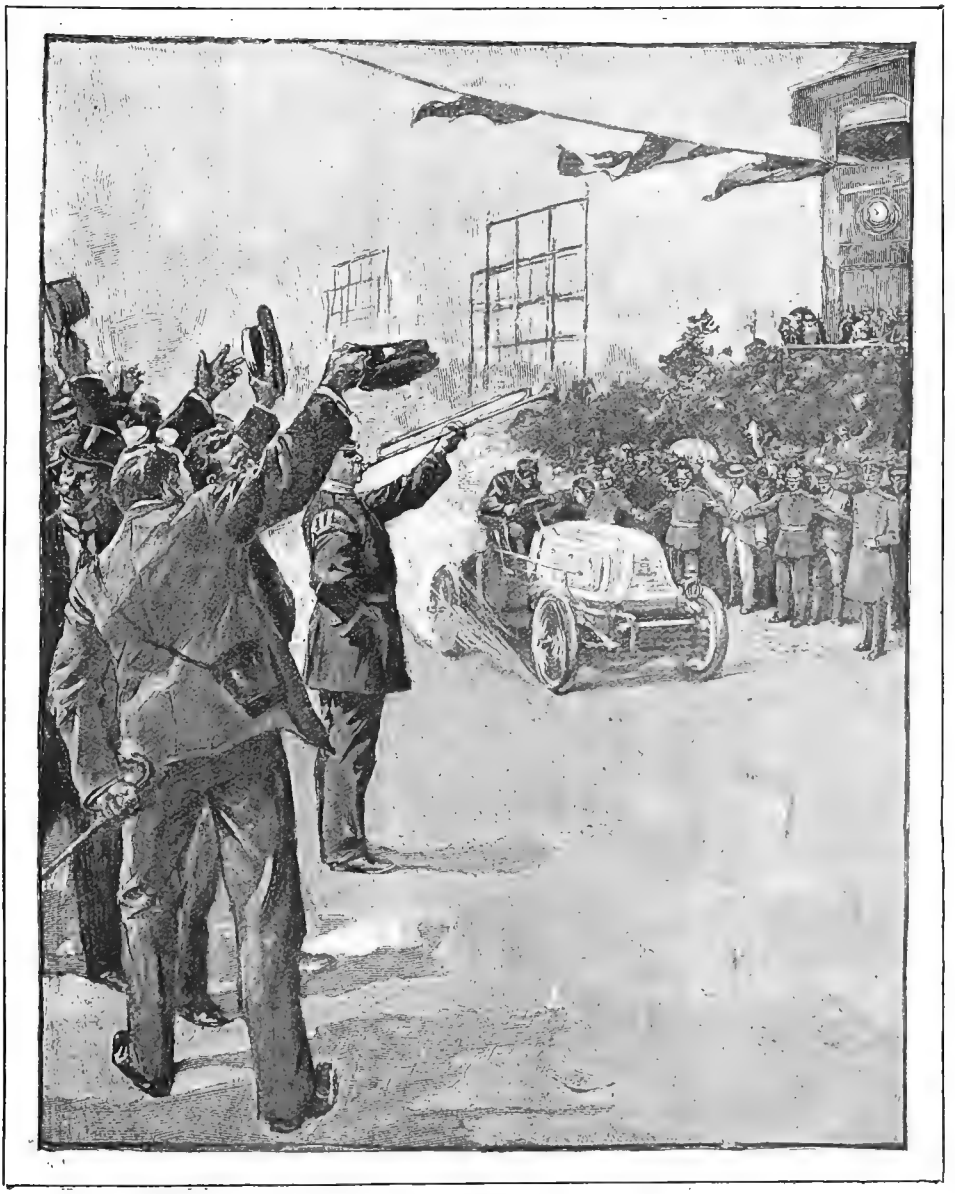
H. Farman, ran the course in less than twenty hours. Madame Dugast finished in twenty-seven hours, handicapped by the weight of flowers thrown upon her machine at every village. Forty of the 109 starters actually reached Berlin, the slowest journey of all being thirty-one hours and forty-eight minutes. A noteworthy performance was that of Osmont on a motor-cycle—only three hours and fifteen minutes behind the winner.

A great achievement, surely, this journey over country roads from the capital of France to the capital of Germany in seventeen hours. The Nord Express, the fastest train between the two cities, uses an hour more. But even greater speed was made in the race from Paris to Bordeaux; for there the distance was shorter, the roads better. In that race Fournier made the astonishing average of nearly fifty-seven miles an hour.



Berlin at last!

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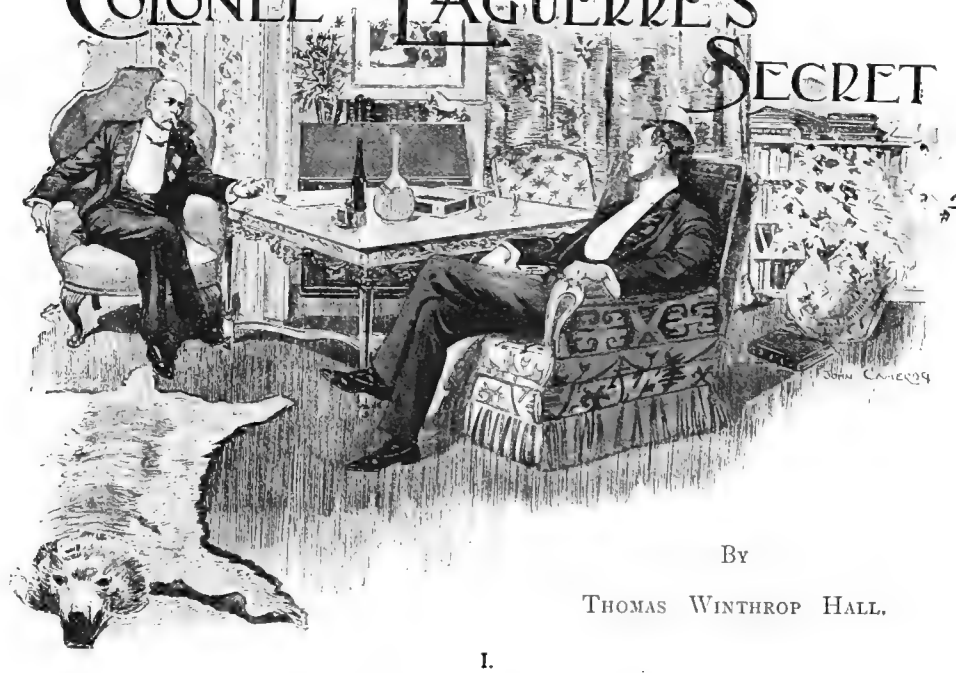
COLONEL LAGUERRE'S SECRET



By

THOMAS WINTHROP HALL.

I.

I WAS at Oxford when I first met Colonel Laguerre.

It was a singular meeting; I remember the circumstances very distinctly.

I was spending my Christmas vacation in London. My home being in Scotland, I did not attempt to make the long journey thither by rail, and, besides, I was an orphan.

I had separated from some jolly companions at about twelve o'clock, and was making my way up the snow-covered footpath of the Embankment on my return to the hotel, when, in the vicinity of Waterloo Bridge, I saw several men struggling.

Upon arriving upon the spot, I discovered that the weaker side was decidedly in the minority. In a word, three ruffians were endeavouring to overpower a little old man, evidently for the purpose of robbery.

They were having no easy time of it, however, for the diminutive victim seemed to have the power of ten men in his slender arms. In spite of a number of sickening blows on the head, he retained his consciousness and strength.

He fought, actually, like a madman, and, singularly enough, uttered no cry for help.

Grasping my heavy walking-stick firmly, I sprang to his assistance, and with a few blows scattered the miscreants before me. They did not renew the assault, but ran off in different directions, apparently only too glad to make good their escape.

Having satisfied myself that they would not return, I assisted the old gentleman to his feet, and, blushing with pride at the success of my onslaught, inquired if he were much hurt.

"I think not," he answered in the half falsetto tones of an extremely old man. "They hit me some pretty good raps, but I have been through so much of that sort of thing that I hardly noticed them."

"Why did you not cry for help?" I felt compelled to ask.

"I never ask help of anyone," he answered with a singular show of pride.

"Perhaps then," I laughed, "I was an intruder, and my assistance unwelcome."

"Not at all," he hastened to assure me. "I can appreciate help just as I can appreciate friendship, esteem, or honour; but I never ask for them. My name is Colonel Laguerre. You have probably never heard of me, but I hope that you will do me the honour to try to know me better. Come, we are not far from my hotel; perhaps you will do me the honour to spend the rest of the evening with me. I never go to bed until

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early in the morning, and, although I seldom have it, I like good company."

I took his arm, wondering what queer sort of fish I had come upon, and we walked off.

Slightly to my surprise I discovered that he was stopping at my hotel, which was all the better, for I had little desire to make another trip in the storm.

In a few moments we were seated before a table loaded with the choicest wines and cigars to be found in London. The Colonel, I discovered, was occupying the best suite of rooms in the hotel, and, although in London for but a few days, had turned them into a very home-like looking place.

He was intensely interesting, and it was indeed daylight before I retired to my own room. He talked of everything that one could imagine, now relating an adventure in the Franco - Prussian war with a minuteness of detail that proved that he had been on either one side or the other, now telling of adventures in Africa that Stanley would have been proud of.

I saw him the next day and the next. My experience was the same. He seemed to have an unlimited amount of money, and he spent it lavishly.

I was aware that he had taken a strange liking to me, but he said nothing about it. In fact, he preserved at all times the formal politeness that I had noticed at first.

Then, too, he was eccentric in every way I viewed him, and after my first meeting with him I would have been not at all surprised at anything in the world he might have done. To be frank, I thought him a little crazy.

He offended me in good time, however. He disappeared from the hotel on the fourth day as completely as though he had been swallowed up by the earth. And he left me no word of farewell.

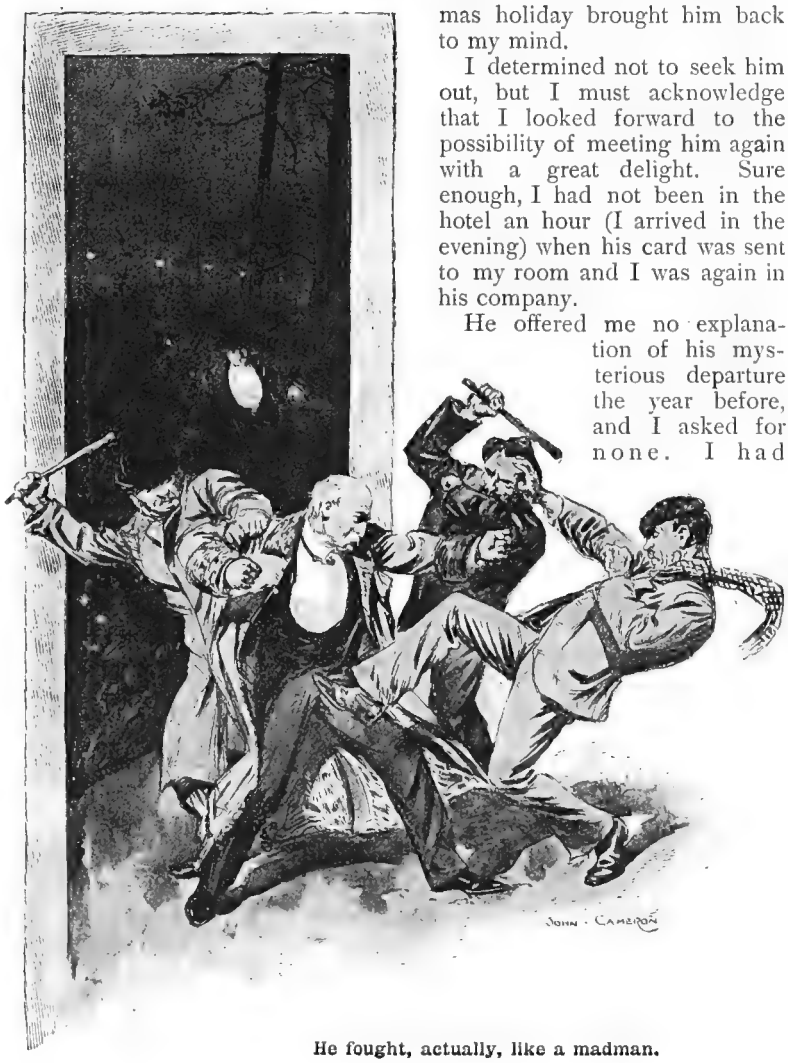
II.

My University year passed uneventfully. I spent my vacation in Scotland, and returned to Oxford in the autumn, quite as a matter of routine.

To tell the truth, I had almost forgotten the existence of Colonel Laguerre, when the return of the Christmas holiday brought him back to my mind.

I determined not to seek him out, but I must acknowledge that I looked forward to the possibility of meeting him again with a great delight. Sure enough, I had not been in the hotel an hour (I arrived in the evening) when his card was sent to my room and I was again in his company.

He offered me no explanation of his mysterious departure the year before, and I asked for none. I had



He fought, actually, like a madman.

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begun to ascribe it, as I did many other things about him, to pure eccentricity.

Our visit together was quite uneventful but very delightful. It was a repetition of the former affair, with the rescue in the park left out.

He was always generous, always interesting, at times astounding. He left as mysteriously as before, and although this time I was on the look out for it, I did not learn the precise time or the mode of his departure.

This sort of thing lasted until I was twenty-seven years of age. I had met him regularly at Christmas time for nine years, and on our last meeting he had asked me to visit him at his home the next autumn.

I accepted, you may be sure, with any amount of alacrity. He would not tell me where I was to be entertained, further than to say that if I got off a certain train at a certain station in Wales on a certain day in September of the following year, I would be met by a conveyance that would take me to his home.

You may be sure that on that day in September I got off the train named with the most delightful anticipations. Nor was I disappointed.

I was escorted to a handsome equipage, my traps were placed within it, and I was soon bowling along a country road of a very decent sort. I was prepared for strange experience, and was therefore not at all surprised to discover that my coachman, if such she might be called, was a woman of apparently great age.

The trip was a long one. In fact, we made over five miles before we arrived at our destination.

It was quite dark when we drew up before a magnificent house—palace, I almost said—and I was received by the Colonel on his doorstep.

He was delighted to see me, and he showed his delight by a magnificent dinner. He deluged me with attentions, and when we went to bed it was already the grey of early morning.

I did not wake till well in the afternoon, and then the Colonel took me over his place. He had an immense tract of land, and it was kept in the most beautiful order. Everything that heart could sigh for or brain invent was there.

I was dazed by the splendour of it all, and finally gave up endeavouring to express my admiration. Two things, in themselves commonplace under other circumstances, struck me as being more than ordinarily peculiar.

One was the utter absence of any other being about the place than the Colonel himself and the servants, and the other was the fact that he was the only male person on the vast estate.

All the servants were old women, and all of them so taciturn that I soon discovered that they were under instructions not to engage in any conversation with me other than that which appertained to their duties.

After our tour of inspection we took a short drive through the surrounding country and returned to the house in time for a late dinner. After dinner we passed the evening, as we had passed the previous one, over wine and cigars.

I do not know what suggested the idea, but at the end of the fifth day of my visit the thought occurred to me that I had been sleeping while at this house of mystery fully three hours longer than was my custom.

Simultaneously I remembered that each morning when I awoke I had for a few moments felt a peculiar sensation in my head. But I dismissed the thought from my mind immediately.

The mountain air undoubtedly caused my unusually long slumber, and the wines the peculiar sensation, when I awoke.

Nevertheless, the next morning when I was awakened the idea returned. The sensation in my head was becoming more pronounced each succeeding day.

Had I been drugged? And if so, for what reason?

I determined to stay awake the following night if it were in the bounds of possibility.

That evening I made it my purpose to drink even more than usual. Indeed I managed to get quite hilarious, and to let the Colonel see my condition.

He merely smiled, and went on with his stories. We retired at the usual time, but when I reached my room, and the Colonel had said good-night at my door, I took from my pocket the strongest cigar I had been able to find in the Colonel's sideboard, broke it in pieces, and swallowed it.

You may be sure I did not sleep at all that night. About eight o'clock I dressed and made my way noiselessly to the garden.

I had walked, perhaps, a hundred yards from the house, when, on making a sudden turn in the path, I came upon the most wonderful picture of loveliness my eyes had ever rested upon. It was a young woman, bending slightly over a rose bush in order to breathe the fragrance of a great, blushing rose.

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She was dressed with the simplicity that betokens the most delicate taste. Her long golden hair shone dazzlingly in the bright beams of the morning sun; her neck and bare arms were of the whiteness of snow, and the beauty of her face was so wonderful that I stopped short and uttered an involuntary exclamation of astonishment.

She heard me, looked, and was evidently filled with fear. She made a movement as if to run away, when I stretched out my hand in the precise manner one would to a frightened child, and said, "Excuse me; I did not mean to alarm you."

She stopped, looked at me curiously for a moment, and then said, in the most beautiful, bell-like voice I had ever heard, "What are you?"

Imagine such a question! I supposed she had intended to ask me who I was, so I answered: "I am Mr. Thornton, a guest here at the house of Colonel Laguerre."

"But," she continued, with a puzzled expression on her face, "what are you? Are you a man or a woman?"

I almost laughed as I replied: "A man, of course."

"You are a man—like my father?"

"Yes," I answered; "only perhaps a trifle younger—some forty years or so."

"Is he not young?" she went on, as though she doubted my veracity.

"I should say that he was decidedly old."

"He always told me that he and I were about the same age," she said; "I am eighteen."

"A father would not be likely to be of the same age as his daughter," I answered gently.

"I do not know," she answered wistfully; "I know very little. They will not tell me anything. I know I must be ignorant of everything but music and art. If you are a man you are the only one I have ever seen in my life excepting father."

Here was the explanation of the whole mystery. It was merely one of the Colonel's many eccentricities.

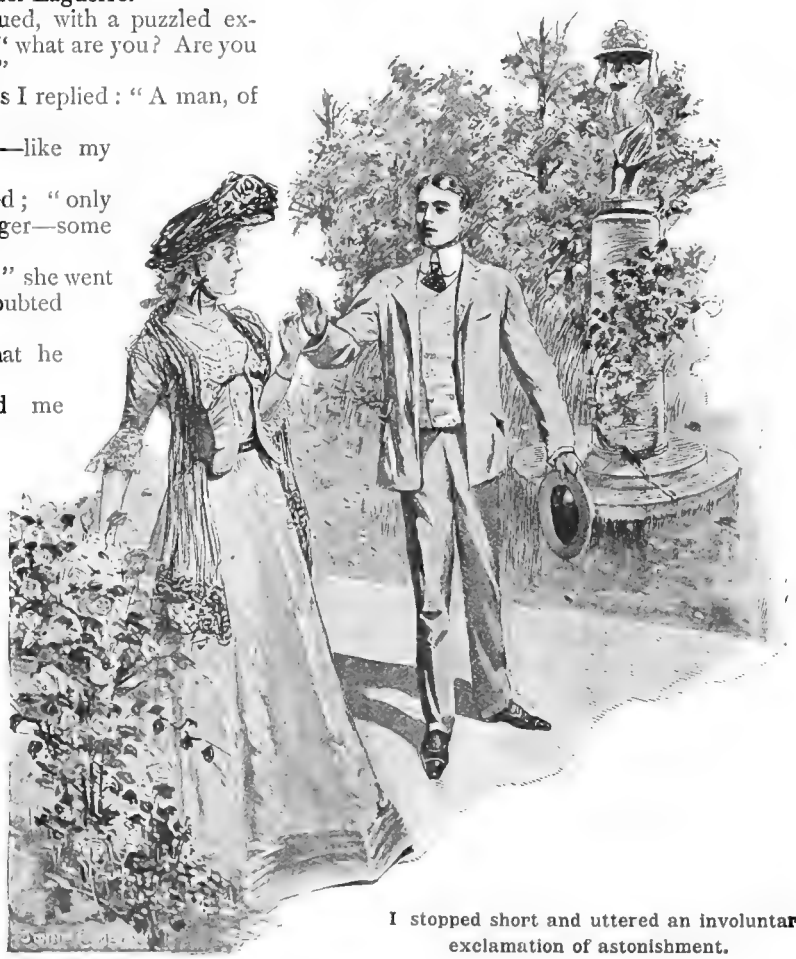
He was bringing his daughter up in absolute ignorance of the world, undoubtedly with the intention of securing to her that happiness that had never been vouchsafed to him.

I saw it all at a glance. And he even did not wish me to meet her, though he often called me the only man in the world he cared for.

It occurred to me at once that the only honourable thing for me to do was to retire to my room and think no more of the mystery I had so easily solved.

But—I was already under the powerful spell of love. I could not have been torn from that spot by anything less than superior muscular force.

I was spellbound. For half-an-hour we



I stopped short and uttered an involuntary exclamation of astonishment.

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stood there ten feet apart and talking at intervals of things that were of so little importance that I do not remember a word we said.

It was on some commonplace—the flowers, I think—but all that time love was pouring its delicious happiness into my heart and into hers.

I knew it in a moment. I read it in her eyes. I saw it in the blush on her cheek. I heard it in her sigh. It was ecstasy.

Then came the fear of being discovered, and the greater fear of being banished from the presence of this peerless woman. I knew I was doing wrong, but I could not help it.

I asked her to meet me at the same spot the next morning. She was delighted, and promised with the unfeigned pleasure of a child.

I put out my hand to bid her good-bye—with the same simplicity she held up her face to be kissed. You may imagine the delirium in which I went back to my room.

If the Colonel noticed anything strange in my demeanour that afternoon he did not let me know. How he could have helped seeing my ecstatic happiness, though, I cannot understand.

I seemed to be in a dream. I feigned the usual delight in the entertainment he offered, but in reality the waiting for the next morning was exquisite torture. No opiate in the world could have made me sleep that night.

And when, at last, we met at the appointed time, I doubt if either knew what the other was saying.

Our souls were communing—what cared we for the commonplace thoughts of the brain?

We parted with a kiss as we had done before, and again the Colonel seemed to notice nothing unusual in my actions.

Now the terrible doubts of love began to harass me. How could I ever obtain the consent of the Colonel to a union with his daughter? How could I ever explain my apparent treachery? If he forbade my seeing her, how could I live without her?

It was on the fourth morning of my wooing that the great secret of love (a secret that is ever no secret) burst from my lips like a torrent from the mountains.

I clasped her in my arms and told her I loved her. She clung to me like a child. I asked her if she loved me. She nodded her head with the sweetest action of a modest woman. I asked her to marry me.

"Marry you?" she asked with a little questioning surprise.

"Yes—be my wife."

"Can a woman be married more than once?" she asked innocently.

"What?" I exclaimed. "You are not already married?"

"She is my wife!" said a terrible voice from behind me.

I was thunderstruck—paralysed. I turned and looked.

It was Colonel Laguerre. There was the light of a demon in his eyes and the pain of a great agony on his wrinkled features.

In his hand he held a revolver that was pointed at me. I did not care. Death would then have been only too welcome. I bowed my head.

"Go on and shoot," I said.

He did not shoot. After a few moments that seemed like ages to me, he said in a voice that was actually calm:

"What explanation have you to offer for this, Harold?"

"None," I answered, "except that I thought she was your daughter, for she has always called you father, and that I love her."

He turned to her.

"Madelle," he said tenderly, "do you love this man?"

"Yes," she answered quietly.

Her head was bowed beneath the tempest of new emotions that must have swept over her. I, too, could not raise my eyes to look at the Colonel.

There was another short interval of silence, and then I heard his feet crunching the gravel of the walk. He was returning to the house, weeping.

Madelle and I parted without a word. I, too, returned to the house, and, seating myself in a chair in the library, tried to collect my scattered senses.

I must have been sitting there more than two hours when one of the Colonel's servants entered the room and handed me a letter.

Almost mechanically I broke open the envelope and drew out a closely written sheet. It was from the Colonel, and read as follows:

MY DEAR HAROLD,—I am a man who makes few explanations. Perhaps I owe one to you and to her. Let me make it to you, for the story should reach her ears only from your lips.

It is unnecessary to go into details. Love ruined my life, as it had ruined the life of my mother before me.

More than twenty years ago I made the place that you see here my home. At that time I had not given up the world entirely. But I wished a place where I could retire occasionally and be miserable alone.

Several years later I rescued this child from

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poverty and disgrace—this child Madelle. I took her from the arms of a drunken mother, brought her here, and reared her into the beautiful womanhood you have so easily loved.

As she grew up she entered into my heart as nothing ever had before. I worshipped her—but merely as a father. I did everything that mortal man can do to make her happy. And the greatest of all the things that I did was to prevent her from knowing anything whatever about the great world, and especially about that unhappy passion that men call "love."

As she ripened into womanhood the desire to prevent her learning the power that binds men to women, and both to misery, became, I fear, almost a mania, and in order to prevent even the possibility of any man awakening the spirit of love in her pure heart, I allowed her to see no men at all.

But all my precautions were useless. All the hopes cherished for years have been swept away, as it were, at a single stroke.

You, the first man she ever met other than myself, have changed it all, and in this my hour of death——

"Death!" I thought. "What does he mean?"

——I am commencing to believe that after all perhaps I was wrong.

Perhaps, as they have often said—they, the men whom I have fought and bled for and the women I have suffered for—perhaps I am a trifle insane.

At any rate, take her. She is yours. She is the most magnificent woman in the world, and I say it who have known them all in every court, in every society, in every walk of life.

And I—I will make one more great sacrifice for love. I will die for it. I love her; but she loves you. I could not bear to see her married to any man, and yet she will never be happy without you—and her happiness is my one concern. When you read this I shall be dead. It will be too late for you to interpose to thwart me in my determination.

I leave her all my fortune, and I leave you her. You ought to be happy if any people in this world ever were.

Farewell. JEAN LAGUERRE.

I alarmed the household at once, but I was already too late, as the Colonel's farewell letter had said. The strange old man was quite dead when we found him.

* * * * *

And that is the story of my wooing—a remarkable one, you will admit.

But oh, the happiness that has come from it! I have often wondered if the angels do not envy me my good fortune. And Madelle? Well, Madelle kisses me as I write these words. Is not that enough?

"Go on and shoot," I said.

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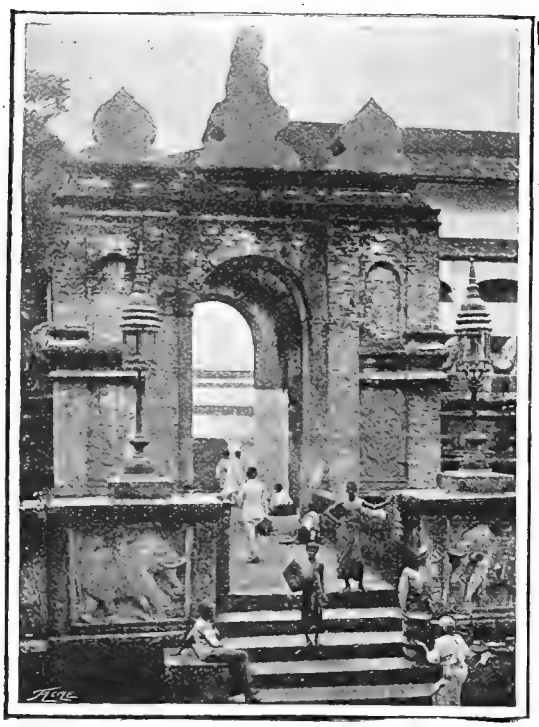

Photo by Edwin Pallander.

The entrance to the Temple of the Tooth at Kandy.

Buddha's Tooth

By Edwin Pallandèr.

Illustrated with Photographs.

Prince Gautama, commonly known as Buddha, the founder of the Buddhist faith and originator of the doctrine of reincarnation, died at Kusinara 543 B.C. The great prince was not buried, but cremated in the presence of a select band of followers who rescued portions of his remains from the flames and subsequently distributed them over India to be worshipped as mementoes. Among the tokens thus distributed were a thigh-bone, a shin-bone and a tooth. The first two curiosities are no longer extant—the mist of ages having swallowed them long since, but the third object, the tooth, remains enshrined in the temple at Kandy, a source of revenue to the Ceylon priesthood and a centre of attraction to pilgrims from the farthest corners of Gautama's empire.

The vicissitudes of this singular relic rival those of the Kohinoor or the Madonna of Holbein. Rescued from the flames at Kusinara in 543, it lay preserved for 800 years at Dantepura (India), when it was brought to Ceylon in the fourth century after Christ. From now on, its career became one of bloodshed and unrest. It was captured by the Malabars in 1215, but subsequently recovered after some smart fighting by King Prakrama Bahu III. Then came the crucial episode. For close upon two centuries the tooth had lain undisturbed in the sanctuary of Prakrama's capital. Meanwhile a new power—Portugal—had begun a career of Eastern conquest, and before the victorious fleet of the fanatical Constantine de Braganza the untrained proas of the Cingalese were swept back to nothingness. The tooth was rudely torn from the temple, taken back to Goa and publicly *burned* by the Spanish archbishop while an audience of conquered princes and Buddhist dignitaries looked on horror-stricken.

The destruction of the tooth—last mute token of Gautama Buddha—tended doubtless to aid the consolidation of the Christian faith in the East, but it in no way diminished the nnmber of Buddha's adherents. For a time the Cingalese priests were nonplussed. Then the ingenuity of artifice that lies at the bottom of all Oriental character came to the rescue. They determined to replace the real tooth by an artificial one. A piece of ivory was selected and rudely fashioned into shape. As if to atone for the imposture, the ceremonies of consecration that took place rivalled the legendary festivals of the Caliphs in magnificence.

So much for the history of the tooth and its genuineness as a curiosity. In the meantime, there remains to us as an object of interest, the temple, situated on the north shore of the Kandy lake—a masterpiece of Hindoo architecture such as few Eastern capitals can show.

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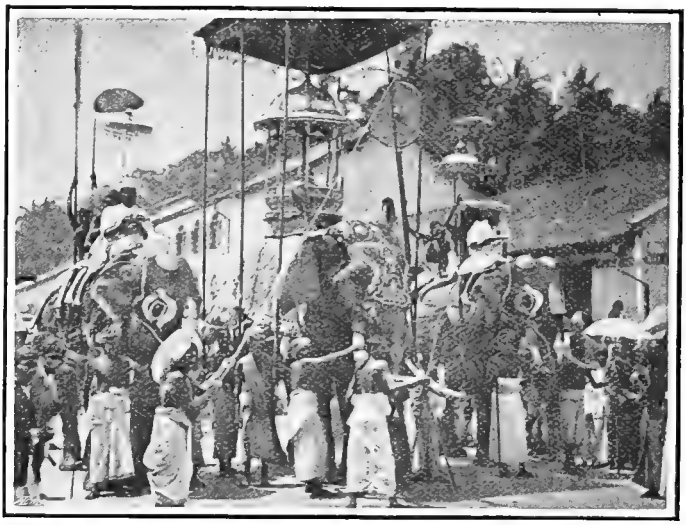


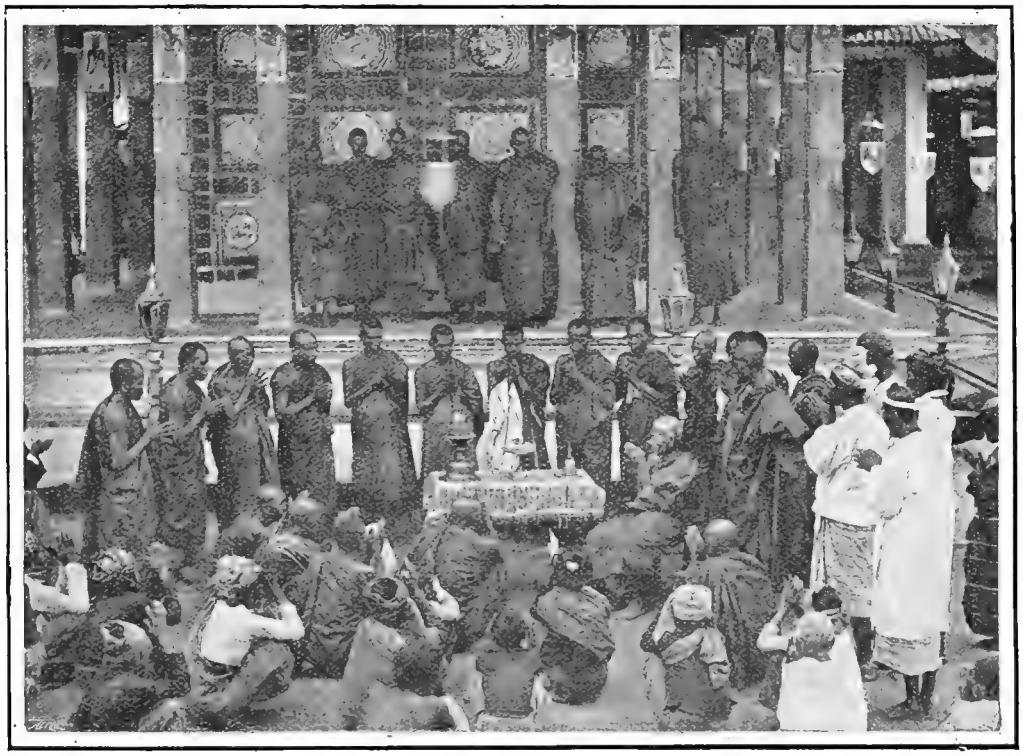
Photo by Colombo Apothecaries Co.

The annual procession of the tooth round the streets of Kandy.

The carriage road flanks the temple on two sides. On the western side a long moat filled with water and protected by castellated walls of brickwork, communicates with the lake through an iron grating.

The entrance to the temple is decorated in approved Oriental style with frescoes in relief and elephants carved in stone. In a canvas-roofed shanty guarded by a bald-headed old fakir with a green turban you may purchase cakes, sweets, and maize for the sacred fish or candles to burn before the shrine of whatever deity you affect.

A flight of stone steps between walls of unromantic whitewash lead to a gallery adorned with pictures of the most unconsoling kind.



From a photo by Colombo Apothecaries Co

The adoration of the tooth. The tooth is the piece of ivory in the centre of the lotus.

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Tortures—presumably awaiting impenitents in the hereafter—are represented in all their sinister variety. Passing through a little entrance in the wall we are in the temple proper.

The place is wrapped in semi-darkness, recalling the pillared shade of some Andalusian monastery. Here the resemblance ends. Everything beyond the first glimpse is really and truly Eastern. The priests in their dresses of puffed yellow silk, the crowd of scarlet-robed worshippers on the steps leading to the sanctuary, the distant music of tom-tom and flageolet, the sculptured cobras and fretted metal screens.

The whole place is heavy—disagreeably so—with the scent of flowers, and the atmosphere is so peculiarly stifling that a European is delighted with the respite a visit to the outer walls and tower affords. One beautiful octagonal balcony dominates the entire edifice, and the fair town of Kandy—the capital of a hundred ancient island-kings—lies spread out before you like a map. On your left is the lake with its solitary island. On the right a plantation of palms is shut in between walls of stone, while a host of minor sacred edifices, white as the marble of Carrara, lie dotted among the trees. Then comes the square with its promenading dots of colour, the long lines of rickshas, the women with their baskets of offerings, and the green moat, shutting one in like a necklace of jade.

Photo by Colombo Apothecaries Co.

Priests of the Temple of the Tooth in costume.

The actual value in pounds sterling of the jewelry and precious metals contained in this temple must be something enormous. It has been variously estimated at a million and a half, three millions, four millions—but inasmuch as it is impossible to price each jewel separately, this is pure guesswork.

As for the famous tooth, it is seen but seldom. Safe in the inmost recesses of the sacred "wihara" it reposes under its seven bells of gold, guarded night and day by a vigilant priesthood as well as by a stifling atmosphere of flower-dust which even an Oriental could hardly hope to endure without risk of asphyxia. It is only unveiled on special occasions. By the courtesy of the Colombo Apothecaries Company we have secured a photograph of one of these rare events, though with the reduction the picture must necessarily undergo it will be well nigh impossible to see the tooth itself. Let the reader fix his eye on the centre of the golden lotus and draw on his imagination. The recipe is the best I can give. The frames of the doors leading to the wihara are of ivory, and the table on which the relic reposes is of silver.

One of the strangest features of the Oriental religious mind is their absolute frank, unsuspicious welcome to strangers of all other creeds. This, of course, formed part of Gautama's teaching. At Kandy the temple is thrown open at all hours to the curious gaze of the tourist, and, as may be seen, the priests refuse to shrink even before the searching eye of the camera. No preliminary formalities are required of the visitor. Even the worshippers on the steps of the sanctuary, if apprised that there is a gentleman with a camera anxious for a picture, will coolly kneel down in devotional attitudes and allow themselves to be handed down to posterity through the mediumship of the ROYAL with as little compunction as an actress sitting for her photo in some theatrical paper.

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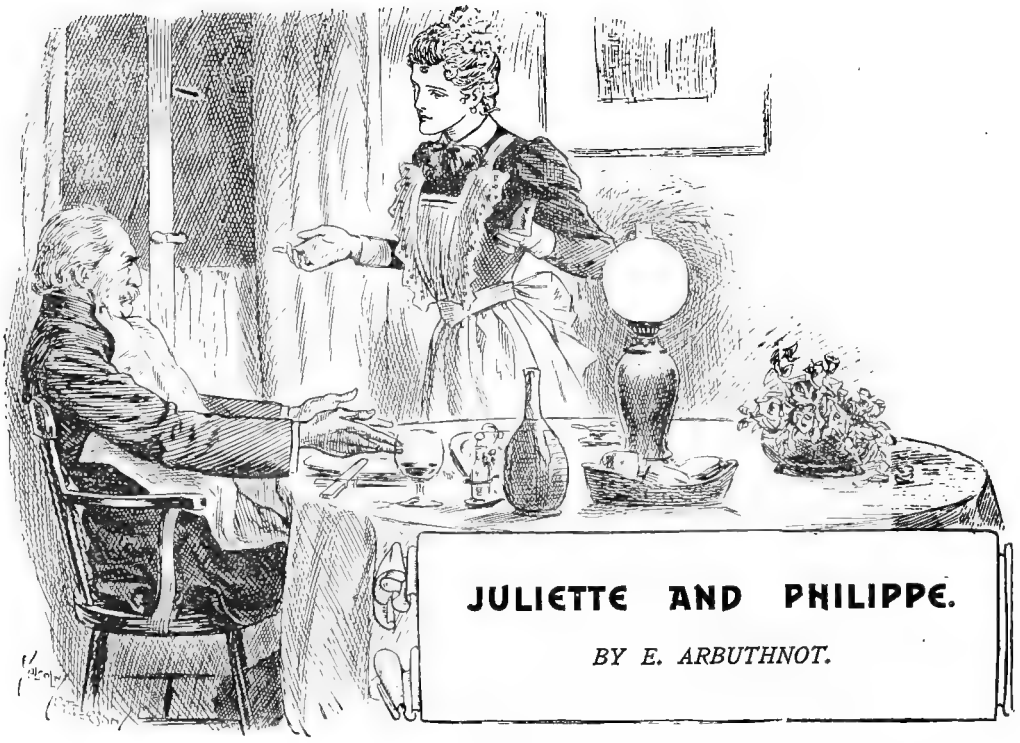

JULIETTE AND PHILIPPE.

BY E. ARBUTHNOT.

JULIETTE GODOLIEZ, old Monsieur Barrère's fair-haired maid-of-all-work, was tremendously busy in the studio, polishing the floor. Up and down went the soft broom, its head swathed in a duster; up and down, to and fro, till the stained floor shone like a mirror.

The work was wearisome and the day oppressively hot. The noon sun blazed on Juliette's back, her shoulders ached and the flies worried her. After a while she laid down her broom, walked to the window, and, pulling aside the dark blue blind, looked out.

In a street below there was no one but a little boy in a blue blouse, who was seated on a doorstep opposite, working sums on a slate and sucking a ripe plum. He was always there, with his slate and a plum. Otherwise, Dust and Glare, rival demons, had the little cobble-paved alley to themselves.

But, suddenly, from an archway, deep in shadow, across the way, a young man emerged. He wore no hat, and his curly hair showed glints of gold among the brown in the sunshine. He had beautiful, pleading almond eyes, with long, curly lashes, and, as he smiled up at Juliette in the window, she told herself that he was absolutely the most fascinating being in the world.

He stood still opposite the house and beckoned to her to come down. But this, the young women had no mind to do. She shook her head, therefore, and, leaving the window, went back very dutifully to her polishing. But, two minutes later, a heavy step sounded on the stair, and the young man walked calmly into the studio!

"Philippe!" cried Juliette, in tones of horror at such audacity, and then stood gazing at him in open-mouthed amazement.

"Since thou wouldst not come down to me, I have come up to thee!" announced the intruder, unblushingly. He and Juliette had been friends from their babyhood, and he had no idea of being treated as a stranger. "The fact is," he continued, "that Pégoulade has taken me into partnership, and the good news absolutely would not keep any longer!"

"Partnership!" cried Juliette. "Holy Virgin, what a piece of good fortune! There is the reward for saving his baby from drowning the other day! Why, thou art a rich man, now, Philippe! Oh, I am indeed delighted, and how pleased thy mother will be! But there, go away like a good boy, or I shall get into trouble."

"But I desire thy company for a promenade," said the partner of Pégoulade.

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"Run, therefore, and put on thy hat immediately."

"What, and neglect my work!" cried Juliette, "I will do nothing of the kind!"

"Well, at least let me stay, then, and talk," said the young man, in persuasive accents. "Come, Juliette, I refuse to be turned out."

"Oh, well, stay for a few minutes," said Juliette, sighing over her own weakness, "but it must really not be long, Philippe, for if my master knew, he would be very angry."

Philippe drew up a high wooden stool, and sat, swinging his legs, and chattering gaily to Juliette. And he was such good company, and such a dear, handsome fellow, that somehow, from minute to minute, she put off sending him away. And suddenly the door opened—and there stood old Monsieur Barrère!

He was merely an elderly drawing-master, this gentleman, but to the guilty Juliette, he appeared invested with all the terror of an avenging angel. He was tall, thin, dignified; a period of soldiering in his youth had given him a military smartness of bearing, which he still retained. His hair was white, his skin wrinkled; but his little blue eyes were as bright, piercing, awe-inspiring, as ever.

He marched into the room and stood for a moment, glaring at the intruder, crimson and speechless with wrath. Then, still in a choking fury, he shook an imperative fist at the door, and Philippe slunk out like a dog that has been beaten.

"You also! Wretch! Go!" shouted the old man, turning on his terrified servant. And Juliette, too, retreated without the honours of war.

He shook an imperative fist at the door.

Then Monsieur Barrère set to work and put his untidy studio in order. When his pupils arrived, they had the benefit of a long tirade against servants, Juliette in particular.

"Would you believe it?" he demanded fiercely, of a pretty Polish girl, "I come in from my promenade, I expect to find my studio in good order, my servant in the kitchen washing dishes, and behold!—there is her broom on the floor, the easels are all pushed anywhere, the floor is but half-polished, and Mademoiselle, if you please, is entertaining some young rascal from Pégoulade's!"

The Pole threw

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back her long black curls and laughed melodiously.

"It is certainly cool, that! And what did she say in excuse, monsieur?"

"She said nothing at all, for I did not give her the chance," said the old man. "But, of course, I shall dismiss her, that goes without saying."

"I believe you, indeed. But we shall see the pretty Juliette no more then? It is a pity, that!"

"Oh, mon Dieu!" said Juliette, who was listening at the keyhole—friend of servants from time immemorial—"Oh, mon Dieu! Here is a trouble! I am to be dismissed! Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

She retreated to the quiet and solitude of her little garret, threw herself on her truckle bed, and burst into floods of hot and bitter tears.

"Oh, I am the most miserable girl in the world!" she cried. Her slender figure was shaken by great sobs, and her golden hair had come down and floated in tangled, sunny clouds, over the little hard pillow. "Such a good master, and I am to lose him all through my own wickedness and folly! Oh, la, la, what shall I do in this trouble?"

For a long while only sobs broke the stillness, but at last Juliette stopped crying and rose to her feet.

"I will go and consult Annette," she said to herself. "Annette is so clever, she is sure to be able to help me."

So she dried her eyes and twisted up her hair, and ran down into the sunny street. And in a very few minutes she had reached the big laundry where her friend Annette worked, and found much relief in pouring forth her woes to sympathetic ears. And as Annette was really a very intelligent young person, they managed, quite soon, to arrange a dark and cunning plot for the circumvention of old Barrère.

After which Juliette's heart felt considerably lighter, and she returned almost cheerfully to her master's house.

But what was this cunning plot? Patience, my friend, we are just coming to that!

Well, then, when all the pupils had left, that is to say, soon after five o'clock, Juliette began her machinations by a little timid tap at the door of the studio. Now at this hour, it was the unvarying custom of Monsieur Barrère to spend a certain time in touching up his pictures for the Champs Elysées. Moreover, when thus occupied, he hated to be disturbed, and would do anything for the sake of being left in peace.

"Well, what is it now?" he demanded, in a ferocious tone, as the door opened.

"Oh, monsieur," said Juliette dolefully, with her hand up to her head. "I have such a bad headache! If monsieur would allow my friend to cook the dinner for to-night?"

Her voice was shaken by a lachrymose quaver.

Monsieur detested tears, and scenes were his abomination. Moreover Juliette's little face was whiter than usual, and her eyes red with much crying. The headache was by no means an invention.

"Go!" he said crossly. "Do what you like, only leave me in peace!"

And he went on with his picture.

* * * * *

"Sacré bleu!" cried old Barrère. "What a truly abominable cutlet! And what sorrel! I am certain you have cooked my sorrel with skimmed milk!"

"It is thus I always made it for my master, when I was in service," replied Annette, in a soothing voice. And removing the offending dishes, she brought in the next course.

"And is it thus you cooked your master's stewed figs?" demanded the old artist, with an icy sneer, quite lost, however, upon his attendant.

"But yes, yes, m'sieur, certainly," she replied, with vivacity.

Monsieur gave a fierce grunt.

"Then I have only to say your master must have been thankful to be rid of you!" he snapped.

"Alas! And I hoped that if Juliette should at any time be leaving, m'sieur might have engaged me!"

Monsieur Barrère ground out a few incoherent syllables through his clenched teeth, and then relapsed into a sulky silence. At length, in a very bad humour, he rose and left the table.

"The most villainous dinner I ever had in my life!" he muttered wrathfully. It even occurred to him that he might have to keep Juliette after all—which was precisely what that sage young person had anticipated.

In the morning, Juliette took pains to cook for her master an unusually tasty déjeûner. How well was *her* sorrel made! How flaky her pastry! the omelette too, as light as air! A spotless tablecloth, glass and silver bright as jewels, flowers charmingly arranged, everything beautifully served and piping hot. No man, be he ever so "spirituel," can resist the charms of a thoroughly comfortable meal. The artist was in a heavenly frame of mind.

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And when at length he had settled himself in a large easy chair by the window with a newspaper, he was exactly ripe for Juliette's purposes. It is to be doubted if she had read Shakespeare, but she believed none the less that:

> There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune—

and the rest of it. Accordingly, after clearing the table, she loitered about the room, on one pretence or another, until at last old Barrère looked up to see what she wanted.

"If you please, monsieur," she said piteously, "it is not true that you think of sending me away? Monsieur told me yesterday to leave the studio, but said nothing of dismissing me. And for my fault, it shall never occur again. Ah, my dear master, do not thus part with me, after so many years that I have faithfully served you!"

Monsieur remained silent for some seconds, Juliette standing, the while, in heartrending anxiety, waiting to know her fate. He thought of his servant's misdemeanor and hardened his heart, then of his bad dinner and hesitated, then of his good breakfast, and began to relent.

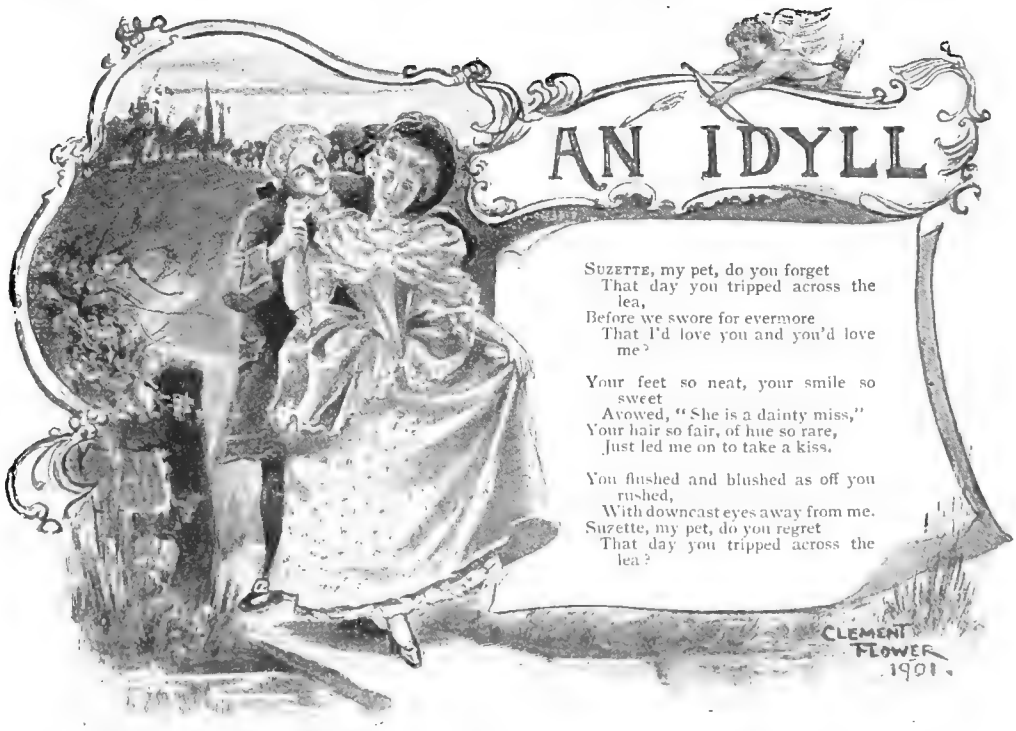
"What put it into your head that I meant to dismiss you?" he demanded fretfully. "My life is made a burden to me by women and their fancies. Go! Be content! See, however, that your cooking is always as good as to-day, and do not send any more of your friends to wait on me!"

So the ménage Barrère remained unaltered.

Well, it happened nearly five years ago, all that. Juliette is still as pretty as ever, but she is no longer with Monsieur Barrère. For she has become a very charming young matron, and has a golden-haired baby to look after. She lives in the prettiest of little houses, just a stone's throw from the Faubourg St. Honoré. The house has a tiny garden at the back, in which the baby passes a great deal of its time.

In the garden there is an arbour charmingly overgrown with starry, pale-blue flowers. In the arbour there is a little iron table, surrounded by little iron chairs, and here Juliette entertains her friend, the clever Annette, very frequently, on that exciting beverage, so dear to the Gallic heart, sugar-and-water.

Moreover, in the centre of the pond, a miniature fountain tinkles refreshingly all through the hot, dusty days of summer. Oh, I assure you, it is a dream of a garden, and who, do you think, is the sole gardener? Why, as perhaps you may have guessed, it is no other than that fortunate young fellow, the partner of Pégoulade!


AN IDYLL
Suzette, my pet, do you forget
That day you tripped across the lea,
Before we swore for evermore
That I'd love you and you'd love me?
Your feet so neat, your smile so sweet
Avowed, "She is a dainty miss,"
Your hair so fair, of hue so rare,
Just led me on to take a kiss.
You flushed and blushed as off you rushed,
With downcast eyes away from me.
Suzette, my pet, do you regret
That day you tripped across the lea?
CLEMENT FLOWER
1901.

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BICYCLE DIVING

Signor Diamanti diving off the Tiber embankment on his bicycle.

By A. J. Lowe.

Photos by Signor Pietro Sbisa.

Startling Water Sports held in Rome. Signor Diamanti, Seated on his Bicycle, jumps from a Height of Ninety Feet into the Water, and Swims with his Machine to Land.

Ever since the days of the Cæsars, water sports seem to have had an unfailing attraction for Italians; and at the present day both plebeians and patricians take as keen an interest in the yearly swimming and diving contests in the Tiber as the Romans did in the old days.

The banks of the Tiber were some time ago artificially raised by means of a series of embankments, attaining the very great average height of 90ft.; and these lofty terraces are lined during the hot months with innumerable bathing establishments.

Water sports take place both in the Arno and the Tiber, but more especially in the last-named river, as the Arno is so insignificant that it has literally to be "held up" by a transverse dam about half a mile below the Ponte Vecchio.

The idea of diving on a bicycle originated with a bright and clever Roman youth of twenty-two, named Umberto Diamanti—a feat which called for nerve and daring of a high order, together with the ability of a powerful and rapid swimmer. The idea was to rush along the top of the artificial

When close to the surface he abandons the seat and plunges head-foremost into the water.

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The contest between Signors Diamanti and Borghi, the former on a bicycle. They have just sprung from the embankment.

embankment of the Tiber and plunge into the river beyond. The diver must retain control over the machine, not only after leaving *terra firma* and plunging dizzily into mid-air, but also during the awful and breath-catching descent to the surface of the water. After sinking deep down with the machine, he swims to land with it—a most awkward and even dangerous "rescue" to effect when beyond one's depth.

A very interesting contest was arranged between young Diamanti as a cyclist and his rival, Borghi, on foot. This weird and extremely novel race was easily won by the iron-nerved cyclist, both as regards time and clean jumping.

There was tremendous excitement just before the race came off, and dense crowds lined the high embankment that skirts the Tiber. The excitement was quite at fever heat when the order was given, "Go! Go!" and both cyclist and foot-runner started off at a terrific pace. It seemed hardly possible that any sane man could deliberately ride a bicycle over so appalling a precipice; but, what is much more remarkable, Signor Diamanti not only did this, but actually retained his presence of mind throughout the entire journey through the air as well as on striking the water, and even beneath the surface, for he brought his troublesome mount to land with little or no exertion, amid the frantic applause of the spectators above.

Two photographs were taken of this race. The first shows the competitors immediately after leaving the embankment edge. The cyclist looks extremely curious, and appears to be rising slightly from his seat to pedal rapidly, probably for show effect.

The other snap-shot, taken some fractions of a second later than the first, shows Diamanti and Borghi in headlong downward flight towards the river. It looks as though the

Positions of the competitors some fractions of a second later.

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Signor Talacchi attempted Diamanti's feat in ordinary costume. His hat has just been carried away.

cyclist and his machine are beginning to part company. In reality, however, Diamanti isendeavouring to perform some tricks or feats whilst in mid-air for the gratification of his admirers.

The proprietor of the baths where these contests are held, Signor Nino Talacchi, is himself one of the cleverest and most daring members of the Roman Swimming Club.

Signor Talacchi nearing the surface. He is about to forsake his machine.

Having been set so plucky an example by young Diamanti, he himself essayed several times to perform this most wonderful of dives, and finally succeeded in working himself up to the pitch of riding headlong from the embankment fully dressed and mounted on a heavy machine. Moreover, he, too, swam to the shore and brought the machine with him without assistance—a feat which only an exceptionally powerful and skilful swimmer could have accomplished.

Talacchi even wore his hat; but, whilst in mid-air, the strong current of air, brought about by his rapid fall, removed the light panama and caused it to soar upwards.

One of the most interesting exhibitions during the past season was a diving match from the parapet of the Ponte Cavour, thirty-eight yards above the level of the Tiber.

The grand finale of that morning's sport was another novelty, which consisted of an extraordinary lunch of bread, macaroni, and wine, spread upon a couple of lifebuoys that were floating idly on the surface of the sluggish Tiber.

The three rivals, Borghi, Talacchi, and Pompa, remained for no less than thirty minutes continuously "treading water" at a place where the river is exceedingly deep, meanwhile partaking generouslv of the strange repast, and toasting their admirers in Chianti Vecchio.

Signors Borghi, Talacchi, and Pompa had their lunch spread on a couple of lifebuoys. It took thirty minutes to eat, the three competitors "treading water" all the while.

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THE CANNIBAL KING

By C. K. Turner.

The Cannibal King loved croc'odile stew,
And roasted missionary, too,
Which he thought was quite too-too,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

The Twin Demons, having been banished from the cricket field, came trudging down the lane to the school grounds, yelling the song at the top of their voices. They wouldn't let them play that afternoon, whereupon they had organised an armed insurrection, withdrawn to the little hillside above the field, and begun throwing stones on to the heads of the players. Certain of the team, having chased them earnestly about the surrounding fields, had finally overtaken them and ignominiously spanked them with a piece of an old cricket bat. The Twins had then retired, with fearful threats of vengeance in the near future.

It was quiet in the playground by the old schoolhouse. The head was away, the masters were off the grounds somewhere, and all the boys were up on the cricket field on the hill, from which their distant shouts were wafted faintly down on the intermittent spring breeze—all, that is, but the Twins and the King.

The Twins wheeled into the yard, still singing their song, and stopped below the windows of one of the dormitories. Like all the rest it contained two beds, but it had only one occupant—the Cannibal King. This grand seclusion was in honour of his regal birth. The window blinds were all down, and there was no sign of life in the room, but the Twins suspected it to be inhabited.

"Come out here, King," howled the Twins; "come on out. We won't hurt you. Come on out, and tell us how you got converted."

No answer.

"Krash Koosha," the Twins began, chanting together, in a grotesque monotone, the handbill which the King was accustomed to give out before his missionary lectures.

"Krash Koosha, the *Heir* of Zozoland, a *real* African Prince, brought from his jungle home by *devoted* missionaries, will *speak* at the Vestry on Wednesday night, *wishing* to secure funds to *help* him complete his education, and *return* to spread abroad the glad *gospel* light in his benighted land. He will *show* and explain the strange costumes, weapons, and utensils of his people. He will *pray*, and sing "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" in the Zozo tongue. He will *tell* how he was converted. Let all come and *hear* this worthy young man. Admission sixpence; children half price."

A long pause, but no movement in the curtained room.

"What's the good of that, Cannie," yelled one. "Come on out, there's a good fellow; we won't touch you."

"Nor make fun of you, either."

Still no demonstration of life from the room. After successive volleys of gravel against the window, the Twins wearied of their amusement.

"He's not there," said one. "I'll play you a game of tennis, if you like, before tea time."

"All right," said the other.

The two scampered away to the court. As they turned the corner of the building the edge of the window blind was lifted and one big white eye showed peering furtively out. The King was inside.

The old Middelton school was of a common type. A few years ago there were hundreds similar in every corner of England. But yet there was nothing exactly like old Middelton. Its distinction lay in the character of its boys. Strangers who drove down the road when the playground was in full cry stopped and watched and wondered. White boys and dark boys, big boys and small boys, seethed and yelled and galloped to and fro together in one indistinguishable motley mass.

Boys from all corners of the earth came up to old Middleton—rich men's sons, with soft hands and hard hearts, under a contract to be managed; twice motherless children, whose fathers had married a second time;

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refugees from the public schools sent down for a personally conducted course in morals; and occasionally some waif picked up by missionaries in China or Africa and sent to this fountainhead to drink in the rudiments of our moral Western civilisation.

At the head of it all was the "Old Man," as the head-master was nicknamed—tall, angular, stoop-shouldered, good-hearted, strong as a wild giant, with his great ambrosial side whiskers—a sort of hybrid between a Greek and Hebrew divinity. On week-days, when he had his Latin and Greek classes at the desks before him, he was mostly classic; on Sundays, when he marshalled his flock to church in the morning, and held Scripture class in the schoolroom in the afternoon, he was mostly Hebrew.

Beneath him, out of sight, ran the real life of the school. It was a government of force and cunning, like a pirate ship. It had the morals of a sailors' lodging-house and the ethics of a tribe of savages. Its Ambassadors were in the courts of evil in four surrounding towns, and its forces held the countryside for miles around in terror and subjection.

"Come out here, King," howled the Twins. . . . "Come on out and tell us how you got converted."

In the midst of this herd of boys the Cannibal King—a great, black, morose, raw-boned savage—stalked alone. He was a guaranteed African prince, taken in an excess of zeal by a returning missionary enthusiast. The African prince was much paraded at missionary gatherings, and soon began to give lectures on his own account. He was prospered in his work. The Prince learned slowly in most things, but he was religiously precocious. He had, apparently, a genius for religion. He prayed a great deal, sang loudly in church, avoided the boys, and sought the company of his elders. In his ill-fitting black coat, slow and silent in his ways, he was deeply impressive.

At the other end of the line of boys were the Twins. Neither one could show an inch above 5ft. They had become soldered together at first sight, and converted immediately into a dual spirit of evil, known as the Twin Demons, which became the scourge of the countryside. Their real names were only used on Sundays and in school hours, and consequently do not matter. At all other times the Twins, with that brevity which is the soul of wit, were called Tom and Tim.

In spite of the shortness of their appellations, there was no landowner for miles round who was not longing to make their acquaintance, and the unhappy farmers came in droves to inquire when their course of education would come to a close.

The Cannibal King—named by themselves—became their legitimate prey.

* * *

The Twins were soon satiated with tennis. There was still a long time before tea.

"I say," said Tom, "I'll bet you the heathen was in that room all the time."

"Well, what difference does it make if he was?"

"Oh, I'd just like to know. Come on up to the conning-tower, Tim. Let's see, anyhow."

The two started up the stairs leading to the dormitory.

"Careful, Tim, careful," said Tom, "or he'll hear us."

They tiptoed into their room, which adjoined the King's, in an agony of caution. Tom immediately threw himself on the floor and applied his eye to the conning slit, which, in less technical language, consisted of a hole in the wall, executed with a high degree of workmanship by these accomplished youths. On the other side it opened into the King's room. The small aperture in the room of the Twins was carefully concealed by a flap of wall-paper.

Tom remained prostrate on the floor, as if paralysed with what he was seeing. Suddenly he emerged from his contemplation.

"Look here, Tim, quick," he said.

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"Good gracious!" said Tim, turning back immediately; "what's he doing?"

He returned forthwith to his observation without waiting for a reply.

"What kind of a game is he playing?" he continued. "Oh, look at that! look at that! I know what it is—he's gone mad!"

"But what's he got there?" said Tom. "Can you make out?"

"No, I can't. He's right in front of it. Now he's taking it away. He's putting it up. Yes, he's hidden it under the mattress in his bed."

After several moments' quiet, Tim carefully replaced the flap over the hole and rose up, dusting his knees.

A council of war ensued.

"We'll have to get it after they go in to tea," said Tom.

So it was arranged.

After a time the bell rang. The King put on his black coat and shambled out of his room. The school tramped into the dining-hall below, and the upper landings were silent. The Twins darted out from their room and stopped outside the King's door.

"You stay and listen," said Tom. "I'll go in."

He disappeared. After a period of scrambling and racketing on the other side of the door, he appeared again.

Tom immediately threw himself on the floor, and applied his eye to the conning slit.

"I've got it," he said laconically.

The Twins hid the treasure in their own room, postponing the examination of it till later.

"They're waiting for us," said Tim.

There was a hush of expectancy as they entered the dining-hall.

"Where have you been?" said the awful voice from the head of the table.

"We were—down in the field—when the bell rang," said Tom, the easy liar, between gasps. "Didn't think it could be so late. We—"

"That will do," said the Head.

He glared at them for a moment, then let his voice be heard in the peaceful syllables of the blessing.

After tea the Twins were soon established in their room engaged in rapt contemplation of their trophy. It was a strangely carved piece of dull black wood set round with gaudy parrot feathers.

"What do you call it?" said Tom.

"I don't know. What do you think?"

"Well, it might be one of these things you carry for luck—like a rabbit's foot."

They proceeded to divide the spoil, cutting it into equal parts to the nicety of a hair. Then, putting out their light, they applied themselves to observation, hoping to be able to see the exact moment when the King should discover his loss.

But they were at last compelled to go to bed unsatiated. The King noticed nothing that evening. But their excitement was not long delayed. In the early morning, before the dawn was yet very distinct, they were awakened suddenly by a strange noise.

"What is it?" whispered Tim.

Tom was already out of bed, on the floor.

"Come here," he said, beckoning energetically; "he's found out."

"Look there," he continued with pride, giving place to Tim.

Google

"Jupiter!" said he, looking in his turn through the hole.

"Isn't it fine?" said Tom.

"Isn't he awful looking in that grey light," continued Tim. "Why is he kneeling on the floor, I wonder?"

"I don't know," said Tom, staring in. "He thinks it's no good looking on It any more, perhaps. That's a funny way he's kneeling, though, just like you see in the books of travel. I say, he might be praying; you can't tell."

The Twins feasted on their victim's alternate periods of paroxysm and quiet until the breakfast hour. When they arrived at the meal the King was already there, more silent and morose and dignified than ever.

The two conspirators held conferences all day and a long one after school hours in the afternoon.

"I say," suggested Tim, "th t thing must be pretty important to him, mustn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, what are you going to do with your half—bury it?"

"You can if you want to; I'm going to wear mine under my clothes," said Tom, indicating its present location on his person.

"Well, then, I suppose I'll have to." said Tim, rather reluctantly; "but supposing he caught you with it?"

"He couldn't do anything if he did."

The conference proceeded to plans for the future.

"We've only just begun with him," announced Tom.

"What's it going to be next?" asked Tim.

"Oh! I don't know, but we can stir him up somehow."

"That's right; there's more than one way to do it."

"There was a fellow I knew once," said Tom reminiscently, "told me this. Once when his people were away, they had a servant he didn't like. So he swore he'd get even with her. They had a speaking tube in her room which they didn't use. And the girl hadn't been there long, so she didn't know anything about it.

"So one night, after she'd gone to bed, he sneaks downstairs, and he goes up to the speaking tube, and groans and shouts:

> 'Four days more,
> One, two, three four,
> God have mercy on your soul,'

just like that.

"Well, he was going to keep on the next night counting three, and the next night two, and so on. Only the second night she went mad, and kept wandering about the house all night. Then they had to take her to an asylum."

"A bit hard on the girl," ventured Tim.

"Well, what I was going to say was," continued Tom, disregarding him, "why can't we work a tick-tack that way on the old King's window. Of course, you couldn't say anything, but he'd catch on. You can get a good deal of *expression* with a tick-tack, if you work it right. You take it one—two—three—four—just like tolling a bell. It'd make anybody nervous who didn't know what it was. But it'll just paralyse him. He'll think—you can't tell what he will think."

The King being away that afternoon, the tick-tack was easily established. It worked that night beyond belief. The Twins retired to bed highly gratified.

"That was a fine idea of mine," said Tom proudly. "I'll bet you there aren't many fellows ever saw anything like that in a civilised country like this before."

"That's so," said Tim. "Only I hope he won't catch us at it," he added, a little uneasily.

The next day, after morning school, the Twins returned to their room.

The place presented a most unusual scene of disorder.

"Who's been meddling with my clothes," said Tom, belligerently. "You?"

"No, but somebody has; and with mine, too."

"Well, I'd like to catch the fellow that did," said Tom; "I'd kill him."

But such occurrences were not unusual, and this one soon passed out of the minds of the Twins by night.

At the first available moment in the evening the operations with the tick-tack were resumed. Tim was in command. Suddenly the string gave way, and came back loosely into his hand.

"I say, look at that," he said quickly.

"How did that happen?" said Tom.

"It just broke away in my hand. I wonder whether he's had a tick-tack worked on him before?" whispered Tim.

Tom was already peering through the hole.

"There isn't any light in there," he said. "It's as black as your hat. Perhaps the tick-tack just wore off on the corner there."

"Well, I hope so, by Jupiter," said Tim. "I was afraid he'd found us out at first."

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"I say," he said abruptly, after a little silence, "it wouldn't be so funny if he began hunting us instead of our hunting him, would it?"

The other Twin only laughed sardonically by way of answer.

* * * * *

The next afternoon the Twins were wandering down into the field alone, discussing recent phenomena.

"Now I want to ask you something," said Tim. "Have you noticed anything particular about the King the last few days?"

"I don't know that I have—only he keeps following me round."

"That's it. He's there all the time. I can't go outside the school yard alone without he comes sneaking after me."

"Who's that following us now?" he asked suddenly.

They turned round. A long, black figure was walking rapidly after them across the field.

"It's him," said Tom. "Don't pay any attention to him."

"We're rather a long way from the village," faltered Tim.

"Just wait till we get round behind this hedge," said Tom, "and we'll cut and run round and get away from him."

This manœuvre was executed with great vigour. Before the King was aware of it the Twins had skirted round the edge of the field, and were well back towards the school yard.

In the evening it was discovered that the King's room was again dark. The Twins put out their own light and listened by the hole in the wall.

"I'll bet there's somebody in there," said Tom. "I can hear him breathing, and every now and then there's something rubbing up against the wall."

"Oh, he's in there all right," said Tom.

Both Twins were unusually thoughtful as they went to bed. Each was discovered by the other to be awake very early in the morning, staring at the ceiling.

"Tim!" said Tom interrogatively.

"What?"

"Have you slept well the last two nights?"

"No."

"Have you *heard* anything?"

"Well, I don't know; I keep *thinking* I hear somebody singing."

"Well, I thought I did, too. Probably it's our imagination."

"Well, if it is true, it's the worst thing I ever heard."

Tom turned over on to his side.

"Look here," he said, "were our things left like that last night?"

Both Twins stiffened up in their beds.

"No, they weren't."

"Somebody's been in this room again, then. This thing's got to stop."

The Twins got up and investigated.

"Come here," said Tim, in a strained voice. "Look at this."

"What is it?"

"It's a tract—one of those things the King always carries about with him."

"Well?"

"Well, you see now who's been here. It's *him*. He's been in here and dropped it while we've been asleep. He's looking for *this*, and if he finds it——"

"I say," continued Tim, after a period of thought, "this thing's getting too much for me."

"Oh, rats!"

"Well, it is. You can't tell what he might do to us."

"What could he do?"

"He could do anything; he could murder us if he got angry enough."

"Rot! Go on!" said the valiant Tom.

Nevertheless that night—that long-remembered night—he helped whole-heartedly to lock and barricade the door. The wardrobe and washstand were set against it, and a chair propped up under the knob to reinforce the lock.

It was determined that a thorough watch should be kept. The light went out; perfect silence was preserved; a constant look-out was maintained at the hole in the wall; yet nothing was accomplished but a strengthening of the suspicious of the Twins.

It was coal black in the other room.

"He's there listening," said Tim.

"Well," said Tom at last, "let him listen. I'm going to bed."

Tim followed his example. Both were soon in bed.

Suddenly, in the middle of the night, that strange noise again—a low, crooning chant and the sound of metal. Each Twin lay stiff on his back, his eyes fixed on the ceiling, waiting for the other.

"Listen, Tim," whispered Tom at last. "Is that you?"

"Did you hear it, too?" answered Tim.

The Twins left their beds.

"He's lighted up," announced Tom, uncovering the hole.

"Look here!" he gasped, emerging. "Here's something new. Oh, just look at that!"

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He gave place to the other Twin.

"Jupiter!" shuddered the terrified Tim. "Where do you s'pose he got that? Isn't that the biggest knife you ever saw? Isn't that awful?"

"There it is again," he said. The crooning song and the sound of metal again floated regularly and monotonously through the hole in the wall.

"What's he doing?"

"He's singing."

"Singing!" said Tim. "But, anyway, that's what we've been hearing."

Suddenly, in the middle of the night, that strange noise again—a low, crooning chant and the sound of metal.

"He's just sitting there," stated Tom, "singing and sharpening, and sharpening and singing."

There was a weakness which had always handicapped Tom when in the face of danger. It was giggling. The stimulus was now too great. He began to giggle.

"Shut up!" pleaded Tim frantically. "He'll hear you. Shut up, you fool!"

"Did you see him hopping round?" said Tom. "Oh, isn't he a sight!"

He started off again. Tim covered up the hole and began earnestly to punch him and kick his shins.

Suddenly there was a new movement in the other room.

"He's gone to the door," gasped Tim. "I bet he's heard you. He has—he has!—he's coming! Come over to the door and push—quick."

The Twins, grasping the carpet with their bare toes, threw the whole weight of their small bodies and vigorous spirits into the reinforcement of the barricade.

The knob turned without a sound, and an awful silent strain came suddenly on the door. For a big, breathless minute it continued, then it fell away. The old lock, backed by the barricade, the chair, and the Twins, had held. The soft steps in the hallway died away, and the Twins were safe.

Two days and two nights this thing continued. Two awful days and nights the savage stalked the terrified Twins, seeking to come on them alone. Two awful days the Twins came in early to prayers and school and dinner; two days they devised and planned and suffered and herded closely with their kind. Two awful nights they lay with their eyes glued to the hole in the wall, and listened, with the barricade against the door.

"If we're going to do anything, we'd better start pretty soon," said Tim the second day. "If this thing keeps on I'm going to cut and run home."

"I wish I understood just exactly what was the matter with him," answered Tom thoughtfully.

"I tell you what," said Tim, "let's see what we can find in the library."

The Twins were accordingly soon seated in the school library, solemnly looking through an encyclopædia. Presently they came across this paragraph:

Zozo, The.—An extremely savage tribe in Western Africa, best known for their strange susceptibility to religious excitement. These strange

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people are extreme fetish worshippers and are supposed to be cannibals. They are said to have a belief that if they lose their personal fetish in any way they are destined to meet death immediately, and such happenings render them uncontrollably ferocious. They are exceedingly fierce in their wars and personal feuds, and have most peculiar and revolting ways of torturing their enemies.

"I wish it had gone a little farther," said Tim wistfully. "I should like to know just what they do."

"Sounds rather fierce, doesn't it?" said Tom, moistening his lips.

"I tell you what," said Tim, "we must tell Pearce."

Pearce was the captain of the football team. His prestige was enormous. He was the ruler of the school by divine right. His influence was greater than that of all the teachers who had laboured in the institution since its foundation.

For anyone less than a Second Colour to speak to him uninvited was a fearful offence; but the Twins felt that the circumstances warranted anything. They approached him humbly immediately after school hours.

He was in quite a good temper for so great a personage, and, impressed by the unwonted solemnity of the Twins, invited them into his study.

They told their tale slowly and with commendable observance of detail. At first the football captain was amused in a superior sort of way, but presently he became serious.

"If it's as bad as that," he said at last, after the trophy bedecked with its gaudy feathers had been displayed, "why don't you tell the Head?"

The Twins made no answer, but their faces wore an expression of silent disfavour.

In the upper school such things might be tolerated; in the lower it would be sneaking, pure and simple.

Then the Twins propounded a plan of their own; it appeared practicable, reasonable, and, above all, exhilarating.

The football captain marvelled at the cunning of the Twins, but promised his unqualified assistance when required.

Plans were laid for the future. The Twins promised themselves that there should be a grand extempore entertainment what time the Heir of the Zozos should tell the story of his conversion.

"Only," said Tom in conclusion, "don't let him have anything to throw. You know the spears and things of his. But we can bag them all right."

So it was arranged.

* * *

The Twins . . . . threw the whole weight of their small bodies . . . into the reinforcement of the barricade.

The rattling carriages of the country people were gathering along dark country ways to the little vestry. It was the night of the lecture by the Heir of the Zozos. The crowd from Middleton school arrived early.

Inside the little bare room, with its dim bracket lamps along the wall, was the noise of heavy boots and the scraping of chairs on the uncarpeted floor. Upon the raised platform, with its covering of red carpet, the pastor and King sat side by side on the old-fashioned haircloth sofa. The Twins occupied seats together in the second row. Before them, a little to one

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side, sat Pearce, the football captain. The forces were now drawn up.

At last the noise of getting seated died away, and the pastor, a mild, weak-featured man with a greyish beard, arose. The King, though taught in English before he reached the school, was far from fluent yet. He always needed an exhibitor.

The pastor began: "I know we are all glad to have with us to-night a brother from the heathen heart of poor, benighted Africa, and that we shall be still more glad to hear the message he has to bring us. A prince by birth and regal right, he has yet renounced the honours which are his own and come here to obtain that which is beyond all price and to take it home with him to his own people.

"I want to say here that, through some unexplained misfortune, the instruments of war which he usually displays have in some way been misplaced or lost on his way to the vestry. But he will show you many other curious things, and will pray and speak and sing in his own strange tongue. And I am sure that there is not one of us present here who will not be delighted with what he will see and hear to-night. I will first ask our friend to lead with a song in his own language."

Then the blood of a thousand howling ancestors cried aloud in his veins.

The Twins were very restive. The King began to sing. Somehow he did not display his usual enthusiasm. He seemed moody and dejected; his song dragged and droned. At the close the Twins could stand it no longer.

It was to be a native speech next, but it was never given. As the King started up, the Twins simultaneously dragged to light the ruffled remains of the idol, and dangled them tauntingly before his outraged eyes. One laid his part tenderly in the hollow of his arm, like a doll, and began to fondle it; the other held his portion upside down, and waved it stealthily backwards and forwards before him. The eyes of the tortured ex-savage caught in a moment the bright-coloured objects in their hands.

For a moment the restraint of the place was heavy upon him. Then the blood of a thousand howling ancestors cried aloud in his veins. He stiffened with anger, reached down his coat, and brought to light the terrible knife. With a wild yell he had left the platform to fall upon the defenceless Twins.

But, as he made his spring, the football captain, closing in on his flank, caught him in a beautiful tackle about his waist. Both went down together in the most approved style, the big knife clanking and clattering on the floor as the negro dropped it. Half-a-dozen boys and a couple of big farmers were upon the prostrate King in an instant, and the face of the old man was looking sternly and wonderingly down upon him. The Twins, having concealed the remains of the idol, looked sadly and innocently down upon the scene from where they stood upon their chairs.

The Head appreciated the situation immediately.

"What have you been doing now?" he said.

"It must have been this, sir," said the deep-reasoning Tom, producing his half of the idol.

"What is this?" said the old man, taking it.

"I don't know, sir. I saw it in his room, and I took it, sir, to look at. It looks like a sort of idol. Probably you could tell from showing it to him, sir."

The Head quickly verified this theory from

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the spasms of the King. Nothing could be done to calm the frenzy of the victim. He lay on his back, and called loudly for the lives of the Twins. The minister failed utterly to pacify him. In the meantime the men and boys in the foreground wondered, and the women, huddled together in the rear of the vestry, feared greatly. The Twins were the only really calm individuals in the building.

The "Old Man" finally gave up the idea of pacification.

"I am at least glad to discover what we have been harbouring," he exclaimed to the minister.

He then assigned to six of the largest boys the congenial task of holding down the infuriated King during his conveyance back to the school, where he was put into close confinement.

The Head himself drove back by way of the telegraph office, and sent the following message to the missionary sponsor of the King:

"Distressing outbreak of savage nature on part of your ward. Demands to return to Africa. Unsafe for him to remain here. Come at once."

When he returned to school again, he sent for the Twins.

"This is a very serious business," he said solemnly, "and you are responsible. You will have to take the consequences."

The Twins were discreetly silent.

"For the present," said the Head, "you can go—but," he went on, as they were moving towards the door, "you had better come—both of you—to my study after morning school to-morrow."

The Twins left the room with a chastened demeanour. They were by no means pleased at the appointment; yet they had an unexpressed but firm conviction that whatever ills the unknown to-morrow might bring, their recompense would be in the triumphs and joys of yesterday.

WEDDING THOUGHTS.

By Jessie Carr.

I.

When a man and maiden marry,
  When the service is begun
That shall join their lives together,
  And of two shall make but one,
At that hour so awe-inspiring
  Surely each one's heart must hold
Thoughts that lie too deep for utt'rance—
  Thoughts that never can be told.

II.

What reflections, sad or solemn,
  Steal upon the charming bride,
As she stands beside her lover
  Never more to leave his side?
Does she vaguely fear the dawning
  Of this life so wond'rous new?
(Or, perchance, is she but fearing
  That her veil is on askew?)

III.

And the bridegroom, as he enters
  On the paths of wedded bliss,
Very earnest is his aspect,
  As befits a time like this.
Doubtless now he realises
  That his single life is o'er
(And that clubs and smoking concerts
  Now shall know him nevermore!)

IV.

What, one wonders, at this moment
  Thinks the mother of the bride,
As she gazes on her daughter,
  Who is going from her side.
Does she wish her tender fledgling
  Was not taken from the nest?
(Dare one hint she's hoping someone
  Soon may rob her of the rest?)

V.

And the bridesmaids, friends, relations,
  Who the service come to see,
Are they awed, impressed, uplifted?
  (Or, perhaps, do they agree
With the views of one fair maiden,
  Uttered pensively and low—
"Somehow other people's weddings
  Seem to me a trifle slow!")

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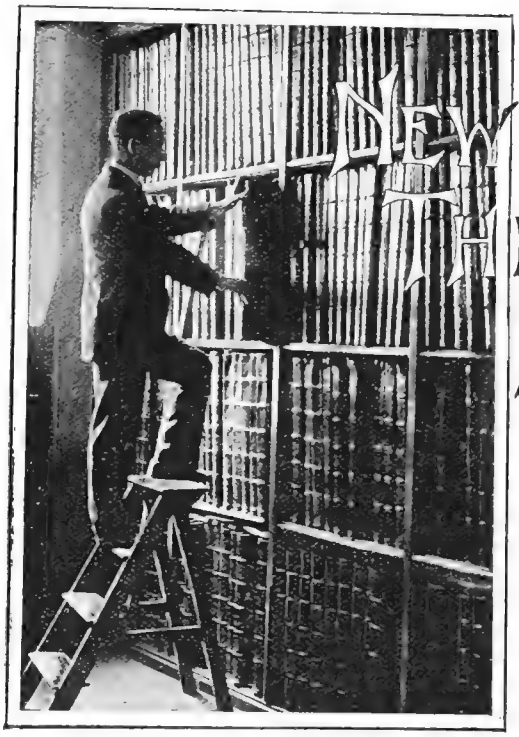

At the British Museum. Filing newspapers the public never sees.

NEWSPAPERS THE PUBLIC NEVER SEES

By H. J. Holmes.

Illustrated with Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

It is a positive fact that there are regularly published in England several newspapers upon whose pages the eyes of the public never rest.

Stranger still, the proprietors of these mysterious publications exhibit a bashfulness entirely inconsistent with *fin de siècle* journalistic success. There is an absolute absence of ostentation or fuss on their part, and they not infrequently attempt to hide the fact that they are in the slightest way interested in such an extraordinary curiosity as a newspaper without readers, and minus of a circulation of more than half-a-dozen copies of every issue; indeed, like Uncle Remus' Brer Rabbit, they "lie low and say nuffin'."

But there is a method in such madness. The Copyright Act is responsible. It declares that there must be evidence of continuous publication to enable the owner of a registered newspaper title, or of any periodical, to retain the legal claim to the copyright of that title. When a man desires to "run" a new daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, or annual, it is not sufficient that he journeys to Stationers' Hall, and first having searched diligently the records, lest someone should hereafter arise with a prior claim, duly register the title that he desires to secure unto himself. A registered title is worth nothing unless there be proof of continuous publication, as I have said. Therefore, to meet the requirements of the law, the title holder, having produced his first "dummy" copy, must publish, at regular intervals, something in the form of the newspaper or magazine which he intends to ultimately launch on the great sea of journalism. One copy sold, and a copy sent to the British Museum, and to the usual three University libraries, are sufficient evidence of publication. If he should fail to take this precaution, anyone getting scent of his intentions can jump in with some miserable rag, brought out anyhow, and claim the title as his property– but he remaining always open, of course, to consider negotiations for the purchase of the said title.

Have you ever heard of the *Sunday Graphic?* No? Then it will probably surprise you to learn that such a publication has been in existence for years. It never meets the public gaze, of course. According to law, the copyright of the title is the property of its publisher, Mr. Harry J. Balls, 111, Green Street, Upton Park, Essex. It is now well over its 50th number and its second volume. It consists of a single page of text. Whether we shall ever be favoured with its public appearance is somewhat doubtful. At any rate, should the proprietors of the *Daily Graphic* and the weekly *Graphic* ever be filled with ambition to run a *Sunday Graphic*, they must first consult Mr. Balls.

The *Sunday Graphic*, judging from a recent issue, is a peculiarly bright specimen

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of a copyright "dummy." Its solitary page of text is made up of paragraphs evidently clipped from a church or parish magazine. From them we learn that a Mrs. Bornrick and a Mrs. Simpson (no town named) are anxious to take in some plain washing, and that a Mrs. Eldred, jun., would go out

THE SUNDAY GRAPHIC.

No. 25.—Vol. 2.] MARCH 25, 1900. YEARLY. ONE PENNY.

CONFIRMATION.—This solemn service, to which many of us had been looking forward for many weeks, was held by the Bishop of Colchester, on Friday, April 6th. There was a fair number of candidates, who all dressed very quietly and simply, and were most reverent in behaviour; a large number of friends and relations came to watch and pray for them. The result was a service that will not easily be forgotten, and was most kindly conducted by the Bishop as being most helpful and reverent.

THE CHURCH CONCERT.—The last meeting of the year took place on Tuesday, 3rd of April. Mr. Kemball produced the accounts. Some allusion was made to the recent extra sum for placing gratuities to the waits on the Church. The Rector answered that Mr. England had sent him a letter in January about his irregularities, and that as he had not the letter with him, he thought it would be better not to pass any censure respecting it until the Vestry Meeting at Easter time. Questions were asked the Rector about the arrangements with the organist, [illegible] The Rector said that no

LOST BLANKETS.—These welcome articles of wear are to be returned on Tuesday, May 15th, and taken to Mrs. Bromley, Albert Road South.

Mrs. Eldred, jun., of Albert Road North, wishes to go out charing—recommended by Miss N. Powell.

Mrs. Simcox, of Bailey's yard wishes to do some plain washing—recommended by Miss Edwards.

MORNING PRAYER.—The Monthly Service was not held in April falling as it would so soon after Easter.

LENT SERVICE FOR WOMEN ONLY.—Holy Week was a new departure and most thoroughly appreciated by those who attended, and for whom it was designed by the Rector. The Rev. St. Hill became every day more searching and interesting as the Minister of Women.

We hope to hold a Quarterly Meeting in June.

The South Austral Conference will be held in the [illegible] Hall, Westminster, on Thursday, [illegible] at 2.30 p.m. The President, Mrs. [illegible], will report upon the Work of the Society. Addresses by the Lord Bishop of Bath, and Wells. Subject:—Epistle I. 6-14.—The Responsibility of Ladies. Speakers—The Rev. the Hon. Canon Lyttelton; 2—Teachers and Sisters, speakers—Mrs. Creighton; 3—The Luxury of Modern Life, speaker—

The *Sunday Graphic* has been in existence for years.

not on sale anywhere outside of the publishing office, where, however, you or I would have some difficulty in obtaining a copy—it is always "sold out," so to speak. In the *Comic Pictorial* there is this difference from others I have dealt with. Its contents appear in other publications issued by the well-known firm of Jas. Henderson, of Red Lion House. It is entirely made up of pictures, paragraphs,

Evening Mail.

No. 1219. MONDAY, JUNE 18. Price ½d.

OLD WARRIORS ON PARADE.

To-day is the anniversary of Waterloo, and the Sunday nearest to Waterloo Day is deemed the fittest day of all the year for the great parade of the Corps of Commissionaires and their inspection by the Duke of Cambridge at Chelsea Hospital.

By nine o'clock or so yesterday they began to come, and at half-past ten a double line of black stretched from end to end of the long walk in the Hospital garden.

Just at the half-hour came the Duke. The band burst into the National Anthem, hats were lifted; and then the Duke passed slowly down the lines of his old warriors, stopping often to speak to this man, to tap that on the breast. The while the band—it is the softest and hands—played [illegible] men who fell in the

The lines traverse the steps a few w after which he bare and they cheered, a answered for them, over.

"YEARS OF [illegible]

The crash of Dumf foretold by Mr. Ark

The Pontefract Telegraph

And Castleford, Knottingley, Ackworth, Snaith, and West Riding Advertiser.

No. 2279 SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1900 Weekly—One Penny.

WEST RIDING QUARTER SESSIONS

These two papers are also published regularly.

charing on moderate terms. We are also asked to take an interest in a discussion as to whether a non-resident organist should be permitted to play in church during the repetition of the Lord's Prayer and the Creed! It is added that the rector (no name given) decided to restrain the organist! Another paragraph has reference to "extra money for digging graves"—was the sexton on strike?—and "the waste of gas in the church."

The *Comic Pictorial* is a sheet duly registered according to law, and makes its appearance with unfailing regularity every week. Like the others, however, it is

NOPS ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

19, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

Though the public never sees the *Illustrated Press*, its contents appear in other publications.

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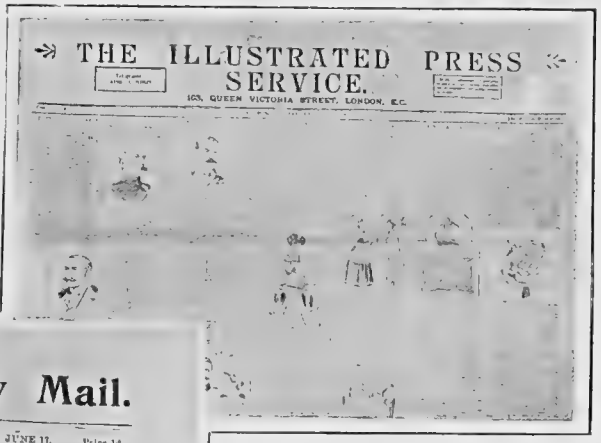
etc., appearing in current American journals, and the copyright of which has been purchased by the firm named.

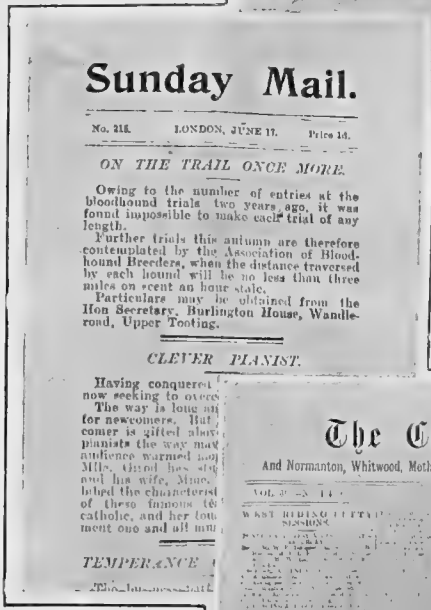
Somewhat similar publications are *Brown's Illustrated Press Service* and *Nop's Illustrated Press*. Their contents are reproduced at a price, in several provincial newspapers simultaneously, but, in the first place, for copyright purposes, the two sheets named are issued as newspapers under their respective titles. The public, of course, do not see them in that form.

Sometimes a serial tale is printed in newspaper form, with several short tales and one or two illustrated articles. The sheet is copyrighted and set up in type and then "stereotyped." It is then sold in columns ready for


THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS SERVICE.
163, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

This paper is published on the same basis as the *Illustrated Press*.

printing to provincial newspapers. For a small paper it is much cheaper to fill the inside in this way, as the large number of sets sold enable the pro-


Sunday Mail.

No. 218. LONDON, JUNE 17. Price 1d.

ON THE TRAIL ONCE MORE.

Owing to the number of entries at the bloodhound trials two years ago, it was found impossible to make each trial of any length.

Further trials this autumn are therefore contemplated by the Association of Bloodhound Breeders, when the distance traversed by each hound will be no less than three miles on scent an hour stale.

Particulars may be obtained from the Hon Secretary, Burlington House, Wandleroad, Upper Tooting.

CLEVER PIANIST.

TEMPERANCE

The *Sunday Mail* is still waiting to make its public *début*.

The Castleford Gazette

And Normanton, Whitwood, Methley, Allerton, Ferrybridge, Knottingley, and Pontefract Chronicle.

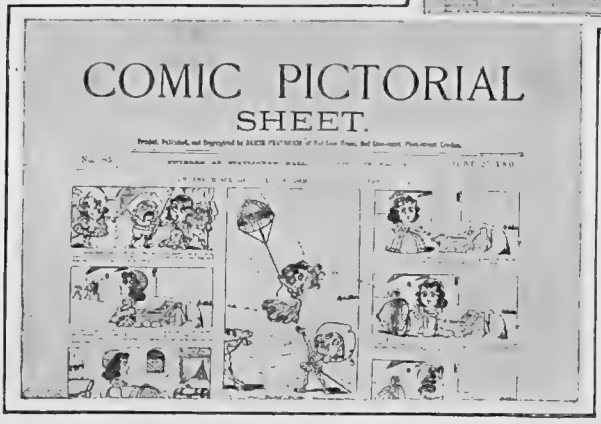
FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1900. PRICE ONE PENNY

The *Castleford Gazette* may be described as a future rival of the *Pontefract Telegraph*.

prietors of the stories to sell at a far lower price than would be the cost of compositors to set it up afresh.

The *Evening Mail* and the *Sunday Mail* are two sheets prepared and published regularly by the firm of Harmsworth Brothers.

There are several provincial papers published only to protect titles, such as the *Leeds Weekly Express*, the *Leeds Evening Express*, the *Pontefract Telegraph*, and the *Castleford Gazette*, and many others.


COMIC PICTORIAL SHEET.

Many of the pictures in this sheet appear in several provincial papers simultaneously.

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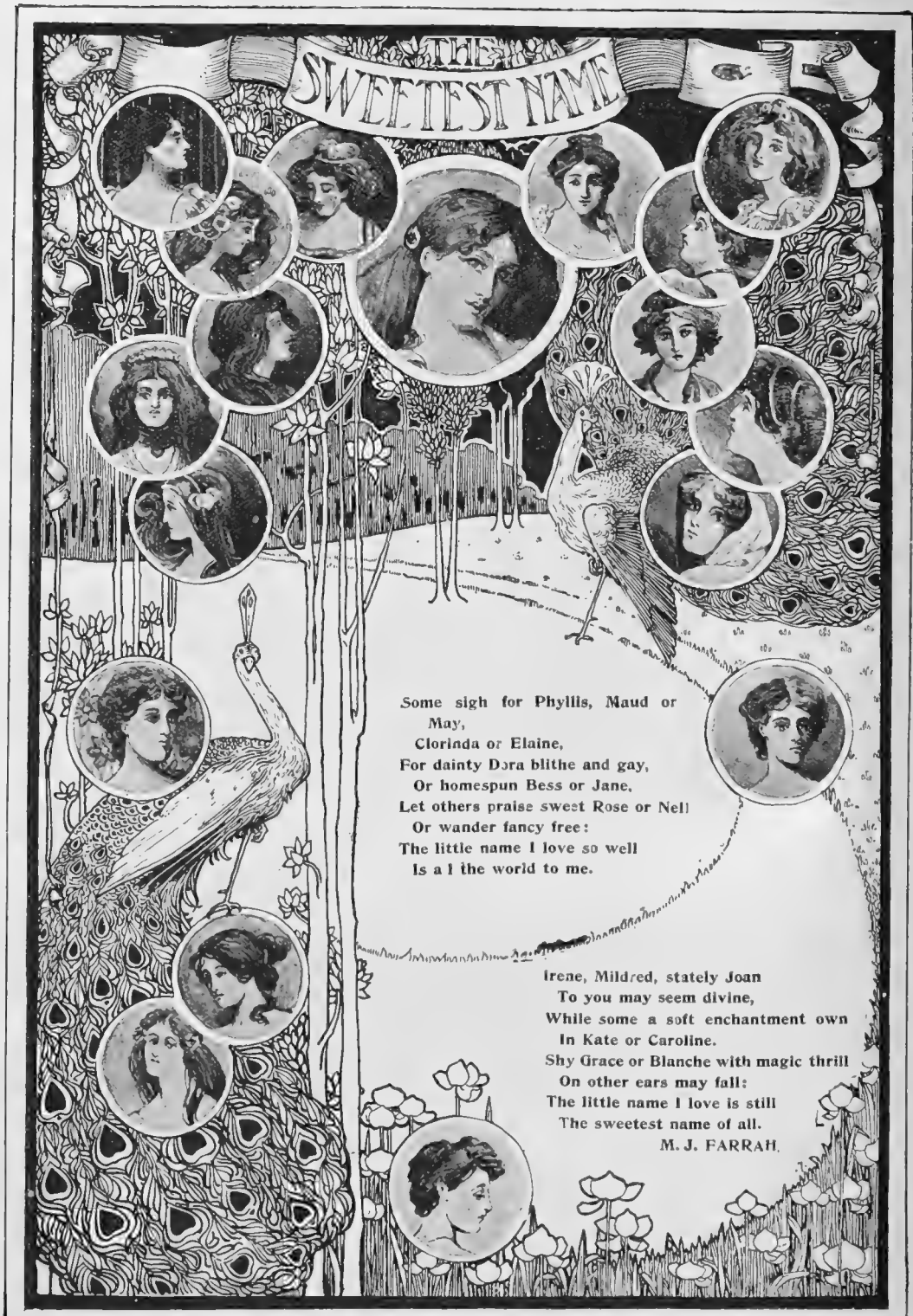
THE SWEETEST NAME
Some sigh for Phyllis, Maud or
May,
Clorinda or Elaine,
For dainty Dora blithe and gay,
Or homespun Bess or Jane,
Let others praise sweet Rose or Nell
Or wander fancy free:
The little name I love so well
Is all the world to me.
Irene, Mildred, stately Joan
To you may seem divine,
While some a soft enchantment own
In Kate or Caroline.
Shy Grace or Blanche with magic thrill
On other ears may fall:
The little name I love is still
The sweetest name of all.
M. J. FARRAH.

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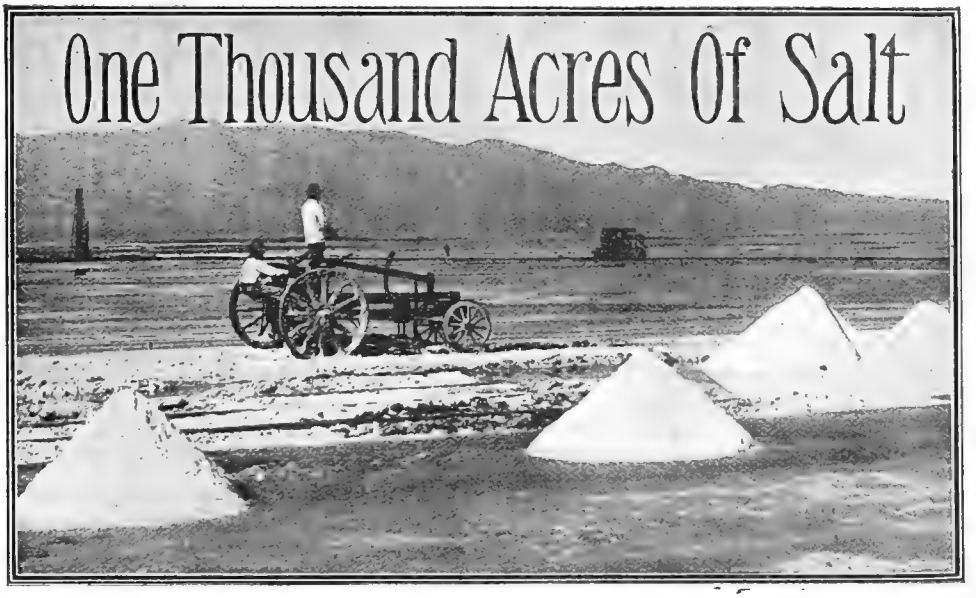
One Thousand Acres Of Salt



The salt-plough, a specially devised machine, on four wheels, with steam motive power.

All about the Wonderful Salt Farm on the Colorado River.

By Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes.

One of the most curious cases of real estate in existence will shortly be the subject of a suit brought by the American Government to recover the property. It is a salt farm—1000 acres of solid salt, which is ploughed and hoed and piled up like so much earth. It lies in a depression, 264 feet below the level of the sea, in the midst of the great Colorado Desert, just north of the Mexican line of the State of California, and the town which has grown up on its border takes its name, Salton, from the crystal deposit.

For many years salt had been taken from this district, but on a small scale. In 1892 a stoppage was put to the local industry by the overflow of the Colorado River, forming what was known as the Salton Sea. In time the water receded, evaporation followed, and there was left a residuum of almost pure crystal salt, a vista of unimaginable and almost unbearable brilliance and beauty.

From a distance the effect was that of a sheet of the purest snow, glittering in the sunlight; but when the first explorers ventured upon the newly-formed crust they were unable to endure for long the fierce refraction of the light, and fled blindly with aching eyeballs from that insufferable radiance. Equipped with coloured glasses, they returned, and soon a company was working the richest salt field in existence.

All that was necessary was to plough the salt and grind it up. A salt-plough was devised and built. It has four wheels and a heavy and powerful steel beak, or breaker, and the motive power is steam. Then a grinding mill and drying plant was put up, a dummy line run up to connect with the Southern Pacific Railroad, and the work of taking out five and a half tons daily at from £1 to £6 a ton began.

The great difficulty, however, was to get labour. Probably nowhere else on the earth's surface do men work under such terrible conditions of temperature as at the Salton salt farm. The normal heat of the Colorado Desert, which is such that few white men can live in that region, is enormously increased by the refracted and reflected rays of the sun.

For weeks at a time the temperature of the field reaches 148 degrees Fahr. every day. Under these conditions no white man can work. The salt ploughing is done by Japanese and Indians, mainly the latter, who seem to endure the rigour of the climate without evil effects. To watch the steady, stoic performance of the red-skinned toiler

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as he hoes, shovels, and scrapes the field, or operates the engine that propels the plough, is to appreciate the qualities of the Indian as a worker under the most trying conditions.

Some of the Indian labourers even work without glasses; but all the Japs protect their eyes from the baneful glare with the darkest of spectacles, and, even so, they are often laid up with optic inflammation. In addition to the other discomforts of the salt fields, the flying particles generate a peculiar, irritating, and persistent thirst. The workers drink great quantities of water, and this serves as a safeguard against sunstroke, as it keeps them perspiring freely.

The deposit of salt varies in thickness from one to eight inches. It forms in a crust, and the plough breaks the salt covering by throwing up a broad but shallow furrow of salt lumps in parallel ridges on either side of the machine. Here and there underlying the crystal plain are springs of water. When the crust is broken the springs spurt out their dirty, brackish water, and the Indian lads follow the plough with hoe in hand, knocking to and fro the clumps of salt and mud in this water, until the earth is dissolved, and then the crystal salt is stacked in conical pyramids to await transportation to the mill.

The salt crystals do not dissolve during the washing, doubtless on account of the quantity of saline already in the water. No sooner has the plough gone over the field than the crust begins to form again; therefore it would seem that the salt fields of Salton are inexhaustible. The salt is allowed to remain in the pyramids until complete evaporation of all water takes place, when it is transferred to the flat cars and carried to the mills at Salton. The factory is a structure about 600 feet in length, and consists of a milling and drying plant.

When the salt arrives at the mill it is thrown into a breaker and reduced to uniform particles, which are run through a mill and thoroughly ground. There is an almost imperceptible portion of carbonate of soda mixed with the native salt, and this simply aids in the cleansing process. When thoroughly ground the salt is sifted like flour through bolting cloth, put through a fine sieve, which removes all foreign substances, and is then ready to sack. Apart from the refined or table salt, there are tons and tons of rough salt shipped annually from Salton. This grade is only sold for commercial and industrial purposes.

The most delightful time to visit the crystal lake is upon a moonlight night. The spectacle is weirdly magnificent. The rows of glistening pyramids, the glitter of the moonlight from the facets of millions of crystals, the distant background of low, black hills, the expanse and stillness of the shadowless plain, strike one with awe and wonder that can never be forgotten.

The salt plough at work.

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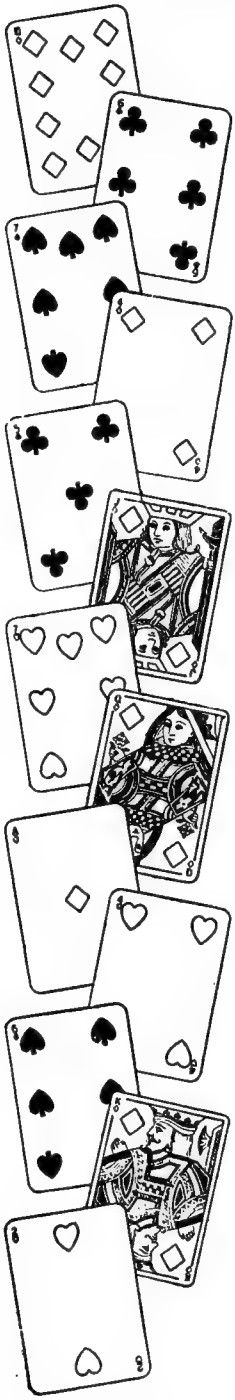
THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

Monologue.

By Owen Oliver.



The first fortune.

SCENE: A drawing-room. A pretty girl is seated at a table arranging a pack of cards. She looks up suddenly.

WHO? (*With assumed indifference.*) Mr. Armstrong? Oh, yes! Ask him to come in. (*Glances hastily through pack.*) That will do, if only—— (*Rises and holds out her hand.*) Fancy your coming to-night! Expect you? Well, I thought you *might* look in. (*Very quietly.*) Yes, your sister told me you were going. . . . Won't you sit down?

What am I doing? Nothing. At least (*takes up the cards*) only telling fortunes. You don't believe in it, of course? No?

Tell yours? Shall I? Don't blame me if it isn't a good one. It depends on yourself, you know. How? I will show you. (*Hastily*). No, you need not cut them. I have already—that is-er-I shuffled them just now.

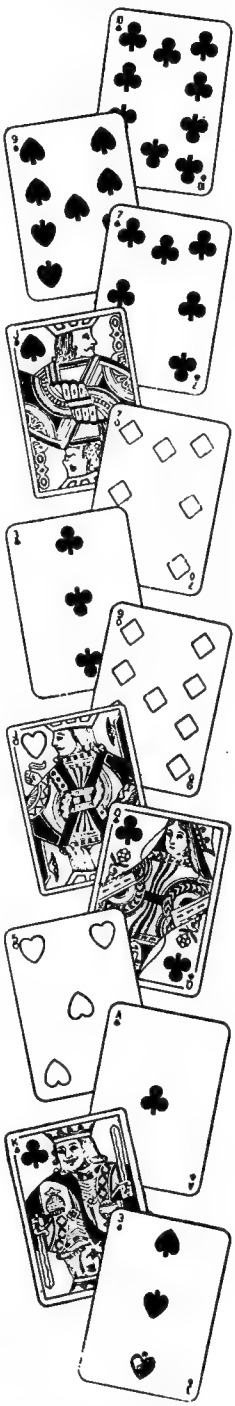
First, we must have a card for you. Let me see? (*Critically*). You are dark; and you are going abroad to make your fortune. (*Positively*). You must be the king of spades. (*Searches for it*). There! Now for your fortunes? (*Lays out the cards*). How many fortunes? Four; but you can only have one of them. (*Finishes dealing*).

You see each line begins with a ten—diamonds, clubs, spades and hearts. Which will you have? (*Looks up with a finger on her cheek*).

Oh! I can't tell you what they mean. It wouldn't be fair. At least . . . Oh, well, if I *must!*

The ten of diamonds—you are sure to choose that—means that your great wish is to be rich. That is why you are going abroad, is it not? (*Listens*). Of course I am sorry. . . . Well, I *did* think perhaps you would come.

If you



The second fortune.

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choose diamonds, the second card is a club. That is your journey. Then comes the seven of spades, because you will have to work hard for seven years. A long time? (*Forces a laugh*). You won't notice it. Friends? Yes, no doubt you will miss them at first; but you can't have everything. You chose diamonds . . . (*Holds up a finger*). Wait till you hear the fortune.

The four of diamonds means that you begin to make money; and the club is another journey. No, not home. The knave of diamonds is someone very rich. He befriends you, and introduces you to the fair lady whom you will marry. The seven of hearts means marriage, you know. The fair lady? Here she is. (*Holds up card*). The queen of diamonds!

How fair will she be? Well—er—not very. Like me? Oh, dear no! Not at all. Quite old and sedate; but she will have lots of money. Here is the ace of diamonds next to her. Fond of one another? (*Turns away*). How do I know? Besides that doesn't matter—if you choose money.

Anyhow you marry her, this heart says; and you go on working—the spade—and you become very wealthy—the king of diamonds. (*Claps her hands*). Isn't that a splendid fortune?

The two of hearts at the end? So there is! What does it mean? Well (*considers*), if you wanted—affection—diamonds would be the wrong line to take, you see. (*Pause*).

The next line is clubs. They mean reputation; that you want to become a great man. You do, don't you? (*Nods*). So you give up everything for that. What do you give up? Leisure, amusements, friends who would be a drag. . . . Wouldn't you? Wait till I have told you the fortune.

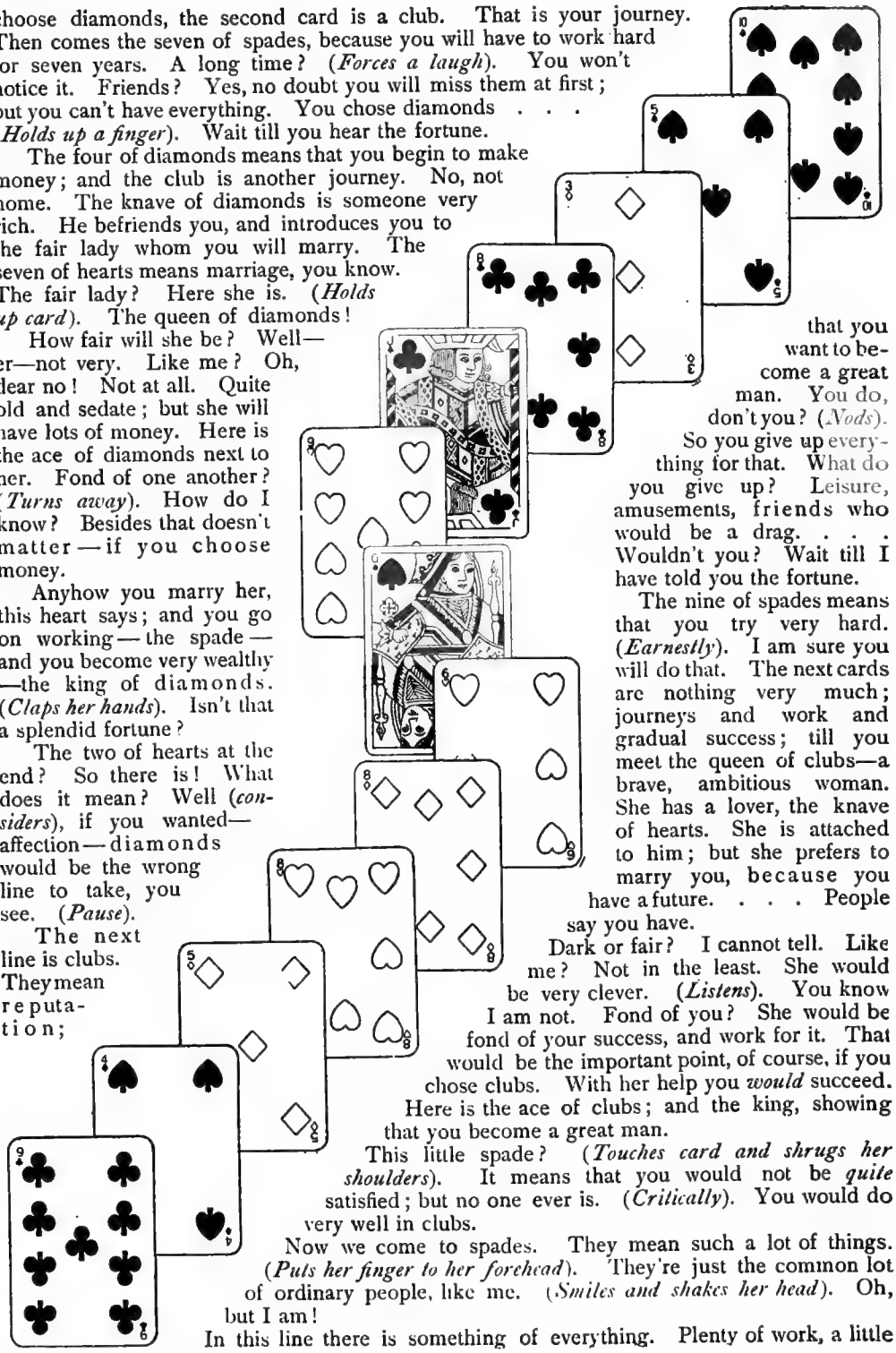
The nine of spades means that you try very hard. (*Earnestly*). I am sure you will do that. The next cards are nothing very much; journeys and work and gradual success; till you meet the queen of clubs—a brave, ambitious woman. She has a lover, the knave of hearts. She is attached to him; but she prefers to marry you, because you have a future. . . . People say you have.

Dark or fair? I cannot tell. Like me? Not in the least. She would be very clever. (*Listens*). You know I am not. Fond of you? She would be fond of your success, and work for it. That would be the important point, of course, if you chose clubs. With her help you *would* succeed. Here is the ace of clubs; and the king, showing that you become a great man.

This little spade? (*Touches card and shrugs her shoulders*). It means that you would not be *quite* satisfied; but no one ever is. (*Critically*). You would do very well in clubs.

Now we come to spades. They mean such a lot of things. (*Puts her finger to her forehead*). They're just the common lot of ordinary people, like me. (*Smiles and shakes her head*). Oh, but I am!

In this line there is something of everything. Plenty of work, a little



The third fortune.

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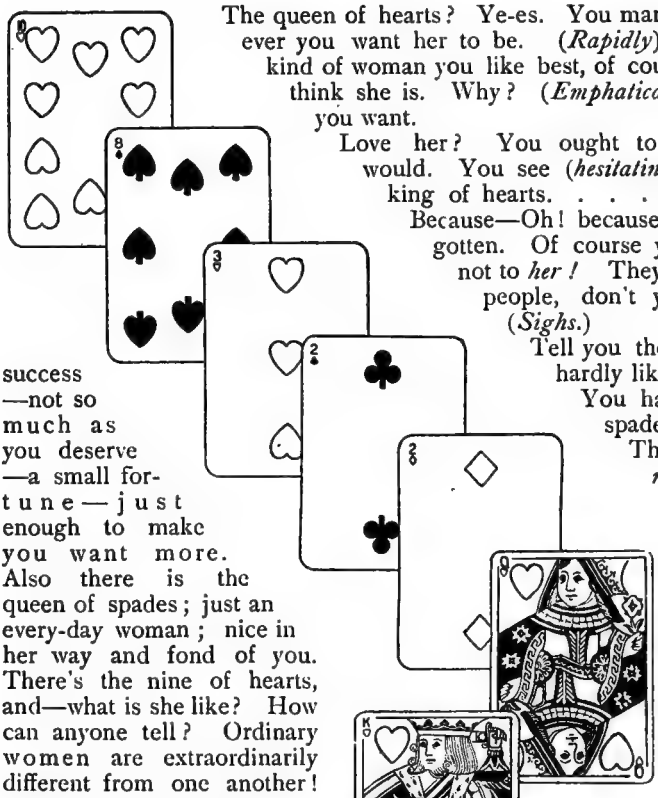


The queen of hearts? Ye-es. You marry her. Dark or fair? Whichever you want her to be. (*Rapidly*). She—she will be whatever kind of woman you like best, of course; and if she isn't you will think she is. Why? (*Emphatically*). Because she is the one you want.

Love her? You ought to. Love you? Certainly she would. You see (*hesitatingly*) you are next to her—the king of hearts. . . . How do I know it is you? Because—Oh! because it must be. No, I haven't forgotten. Of course you are only spades really; but not to *her!* They are such foolish, sentimental people, don't you see, who choose hearts. (*Sighs.*)

Tell you the rest? (*Shakes her head.*) I hardly like to. It is a very bad fortune. You have to work always—the ace of spades. You don't mind it though. The two says you think it is *nothing*, all the long, hard work, because you are working for her, and. . . . No, no, you mustn't! (*Motions him away.*) Listen to me first. Yes. You shall tell me when you have heard the fortune.

You gain a little success at last—the four of clubs; and enough to live on—the six of diamonds; and (*brokenly*) you are happy—the ace of hearts—because you don't know any better, and think love matters more than everything, and . . . Don't! . . . I can't bear it. . . . You never asked me. . . . You know, you know! (*Holds out both hands*). Of course she will wait for you—your Queen of Hearts!

success—not so much as you deserve—a small fortune—just enough to make you want more. Also there is the queen of spades; just an every-day woman; nice in her way and fond of you. There's the nine of hearts, and—what is she like? How can anyone tell? Ordinary women are extraordinarily different from one another! Like me? (*Laughs*). Not so bad as that I hope. . . . I don't believe you! . . . Of course! You are bound to say so.

You get on very well together, the hearts say; and become fairly well off—the diamonds—but you always have to work—the four of spades. That is all.

The last card? The nine of clubs? (*Slowly*). I suppose it means that you do very well in the spade line too. (*Pause*).

So you have three very good fortunes, you see. (*Leaning forward*). Which will you take?

The hearts? Oh! you need not trouble about them. . . . *They* are only—love. (*Disdainfully*). Nobody chooses them nowadays. Tell you? Really you are too absurd. (*Laughs*). Don't look so injured. (*Thoughtfully*). It is a poor line. First there is the eight of spades—such a lot of hard work. (*Sighs*). And so little reward for it, these small cards say. Just a little friendship, a little success, a little money. It is only the two of diamonds, you see. You could never be content with that. (*With an effort*). So you—are going—away. . . . Oh! I *quite* understand.

The fourth fortune.

Google

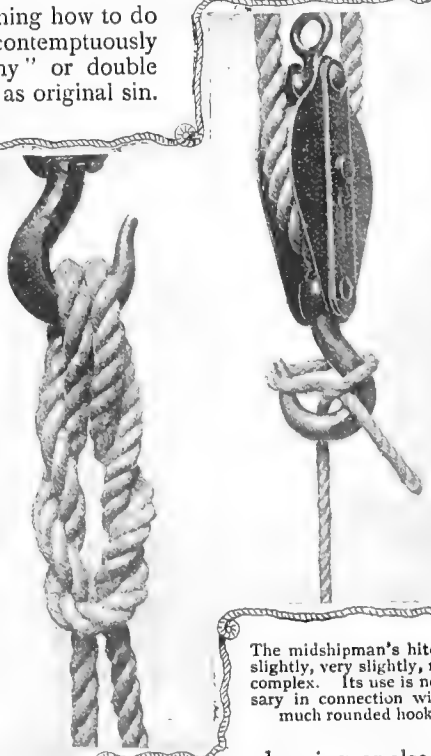
Knotty Problems

By Arthur Banfield.

Watch a woman, or an average man for that matter, attempting to knot two pieces of string together, and you will have an excellent illustration of how not to do it. Practically speaking, there is only one knot attainable by the uninitiated, and it is an abomination to those who know better things. No one wants teaching how to do this knot, technically and contemptuously spoken of as "The Granny" or double knot. It comes as natural as original sin.

The only qualification needed for the "Granny" is total ignorance of the art and science of knot making. Lay the ends of two pieces of rope together, and—well just knot them. There you have your granny. Put pressure on the rope, and one of two things will happen; either the knot will slip until the ends are passed and you are as you were, plus the smash up of the picnic basket or whatever you may have been foolish enough to intrust to "granny's" keeping, or else the knot is drawn together so fearfully tight that no power on earth will untie it.

This is the famous Blackwall hitch—a hitch being a twist of rope which secures one object to another. It can be trusted safely with a ton weight.



The midshipman's hitch is slightly, very slightly, more complex. Its use is necessary in connection with a much rounded hook.

This knot, the catspaw, is famous for its enormous strength. It is an endless loop, and is much used for hoisting barrels on board. To make this knot, seize hold of the loop with the two hands about a yard apart; twist each hand in opposite directions, and you have the catspaw.

Ridiculously simple, yet absolutely effective, is the timber hitch, used for pulling up or lowering heavy spars. A glance shows how it is done.

Knot-tying proper is an art from beginning to end, and the field is enormous; but the strange part is, that unlike all other arts, this one is absolutely prehistoric, not only in its inception, but in its developments. The numbers of wonderful and ingenious knots is astounding, and yet we cannot trace the invention of a single one. They do the same knots in the Navy now as they did in the time of Nelson; and for aught one can find out to the contrary, the sailors under Hawke and Drake, or even

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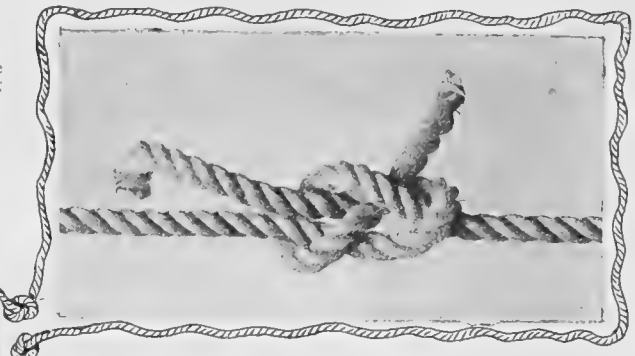
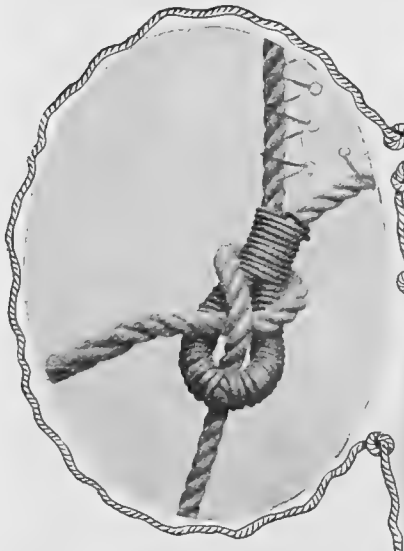
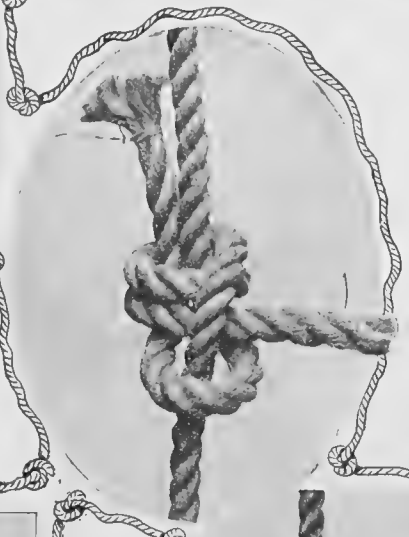
For joining two ropes together you have the bend; very simple to do, and very strong when done.



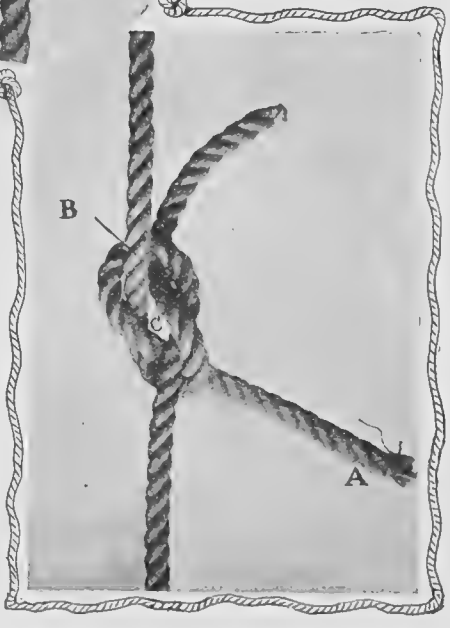


It may not look very safe, but the plain bend is all that is required in the way of rope attachment to manage a sail.



On the same principle is the double bend, which will bear an extraordinary strain.

The ordinary reef-knot. It will hold tight, yet never jams—at all events, with a fair-sized rope.



This is the knot everyone makes who knows no better. Sailors contemptuously refer to it as "The Granny." Once tied it jams, thus violating one of the three great principles of knot making.

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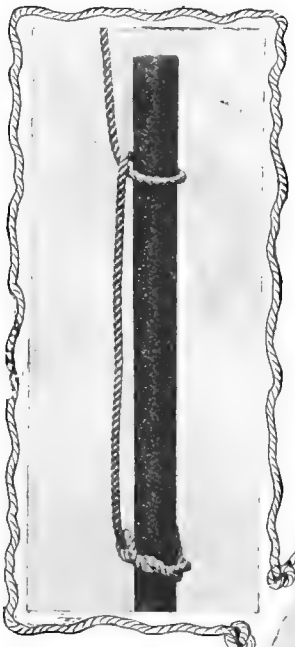
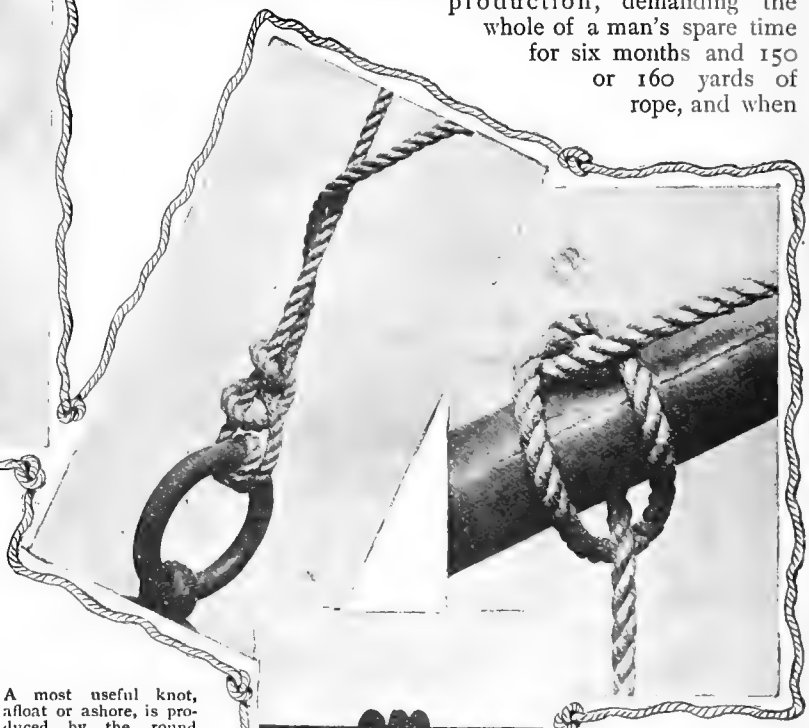


The timber hitch combined with the half hitch, used to keep the spar in a perpendicular position.

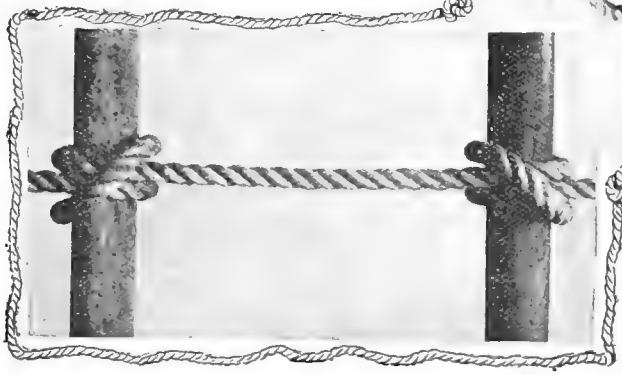
world's dawn brought his mighty mind to bear and unravelled knotty problems once and for all time; and this applies not only to the staple knots used every day and hour in the Navy, but also to those wondrous examples of nautical ingenuity which are decidedly more ornamental than useful.

The ten-strand Turk's head, for instance, is a marvellous production, demanding the whole of a man's spare time for six months and 150 or 160 yards of rope, and when finished is beautiful to look upon, though of no practical use.



A most useful knot, afloat or ashore, is produced by the round turn, with two hitches. For mooring a boat, or tieing up a horse, this is the very thing.

Here we have the marlinspike hitch. It is much employed in conjunction with a short spar where powerful leverage is required, such as for prizing open a heavy hatchway.



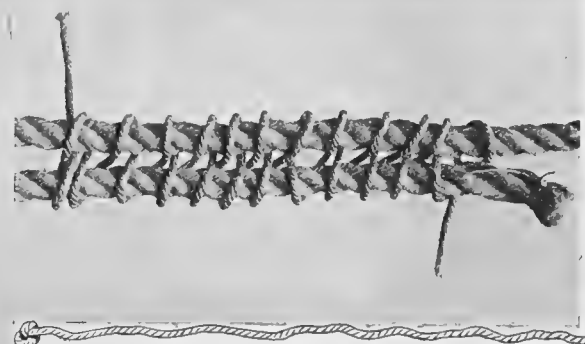
Since the introduction of wire rigging, the topsail halliard bend has become obsolete so far as the Navy is concerned. It will always be found serviceable, however, for raising scaffold poles.

The clove hitch is used for forming the rope ladders, nautically called "ratlines." Its chief beauty is that it will bear a strain equally well on either side the knot.

under Agamemnon in the Trojan war, were using the same old knots.

It is as if some nautical genius at the dawn of nautical applicability

The curious part is that a sailor will spend all his time on a knot like this, or on a no less beautiful fancy box cord, and part with it immediately he gets on shore for the value of a drink. Of course the larger number knots are of little on shore, but the



For temporarily fastening two ropes together, they are laid side by side for about 18in. and large string is woven round zig-zag for about a dozen turns.

The Carrick-head is only used when a very large knot is required to furnish a hand-grip.

bowline and reef knots are notable exceptions.

Take the former. This is the only loop knot that a sailor will use, and its chief advantage is that it will not tighten up like an ordinary slip knot. Thus it can be used as a halter without fear of choking animals. It is the best kind of knot to use for lowering an insensible man from a burning building, or from any great height. By placing a short piece of board across the loop a "boatswain's chair" is made, and more support still is secured by doubling the line.

The reef knot should be used instead of the granny for most ordinary purposes, as for tying two pieces of string or sections of clothes-line together use the bend or reef knots. The charm of most sailors' knots is that they are ingeniously simple, and because of this they can be learnt in an astonishingly short time; a sharp lad will master them in a few days.

The value of a knot rests entirely on three essentials. It must be done quickly; secondly, it must not jam, for that would prevent its being undone quickly; thirdly, it must not slip even if it be strained to breaking point. It must be understood that knots are, as a rule, used temporarily. A sailor will never tie two ropes together

A small rope is sometimes attached by means of the rolling hitch to a large rope where extra power is required. The moment the strain is relaxed the whole affair falls apart.

The most wonderful knot of all is for shortening rope, known as the sheepshank. Take hold at each end of the section you want to shorten, bring the hands together, draw them again apart, then hitch the loops, and you have the sheepshank.

Google

permanently if he can help it; if permanency is required he will splice.

Another thing which is dead against the instinct of a sailor is to sever a rope. It is very seldom indeed that it is necessary to do this. If a rope is too long for the object in view there is the sheepshank.

This is, indeed, one of the most wonderful contrivances ever devised. There is nothing hard and fast about it, and it is so absurdly simple that to a landsman it seems hardly possible that it can be secure. Take hold of the rope at each end of the piece you desire to dispense with; bring the hands together, and again draw them apart.

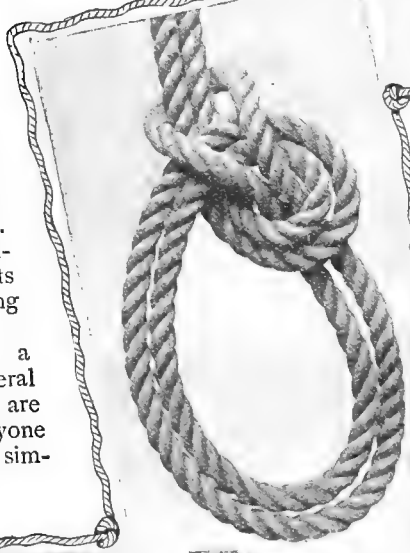
You have then three sections known as a treble. All that is now necessary is to secure the treble at either end with an ordinary hitch or twist. The tighter the rope is pulled the tighter the hitch will bite. When the rope is slackened a smart jerk is all that is needed to restore the line to its original length.

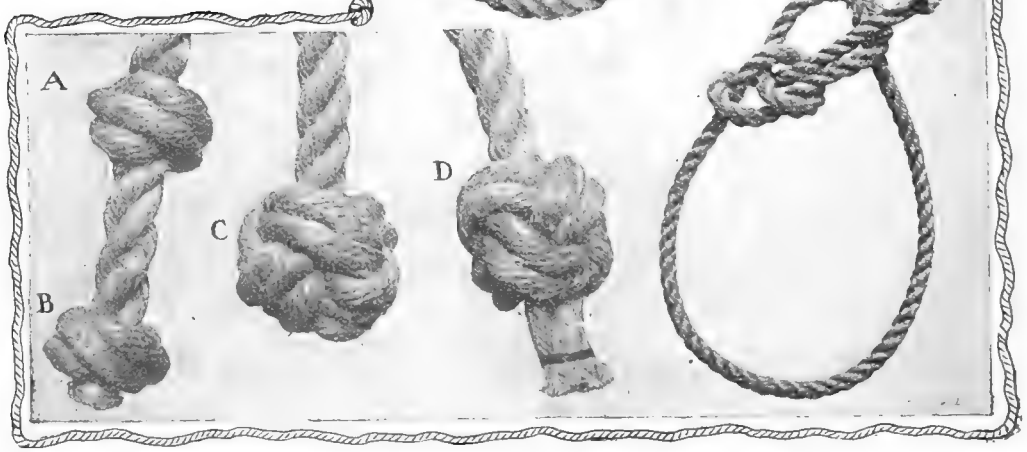
The sheepshank is a very useful thing to know even by longshoremen. Its use is to be recommended in the interests of economy, if for nothing else.

Knot-making is a useful hobby, and a liberal education to those who are naturally clumsy. Everyone should learn at least the simplest knots.

The only loop knot a sailor uses is the bowline, and it is most invaluable for a landsman. Unlike the ordinary slip knot it will not tighten after the first grip, so may be employed as a halter without choking the animal.

The bowline bight is the double of the former. It is a splendid arrangement for lowering an insensible person from a great height, and makes a comfortable seat with a piece of board across the loop.





A few fancy knots which have little practical use.

The only nautical slip knot; the running bowline.

Google

By Emeric Hulme Beaman.

Charlie Ainsworth leaned over the balustrade and looked across the gentle moonlit bay, and thought of a girl in England. He wondered idly what she was doing at that moment, how she was amusing herself; and smiled.

It was inevitably the hour for sentiment. Both the time and the place compelled it. The image of the girl rose up fresh in his memory, his fancy gilded it with the sweetest halo of romance, and he felt in the humour for tender reminiscences. As for the smile, it was caused by the sudden consciousness of the contrast between the homely domestic surroundings of the girl in England and his own present environment.

Perhaps Charlie Ainsworth, who had some little knowledge of the world himself, found an additional source of satisfaction in the reflection that the maiden of his thoughts had none. His attitude was that of a man to whom the artificial beauty of the society belle had ceased to appeal. He imagined himself impervious to the charms of dazzlingly-dressed women. He had arrived at the stage when the eye has become surfeited with display, and pines only for absolute freshness and simplicity.

So, in the midst of the glittering allurements of the most brilliant and fascinating principality in Europe, it pleased his fancy to revert sentimentally to the pretty face of an English schoolgirl. He believed he was in love with her; he was, at least, quite sure of his impregnability to the charms of any other woman.

As he looked over the bay, right across the shaft of moonlight that stretched like a silver path upon the water, there lay at anchor a small but beautifully built yacht. It belonged to Berkshaw, the English millionaire, and had come in that morning. A little to the left of it was another steam yacht, and beyond, outlined against the further shore, lay sleepily the huge white yacht of the Prince of Monaco.

He was still reflecting on the English maiden and the charms of simplicity, when his attention was vaguely attracted by a figure that detached itself from the throng at the Casino doors, and began to descend the steps under the glare of the electric light. It was the figure of a slight and very graceful woman. She was alone, and the officials moved courteously to let her pass—for the officials at Monte Carlo always extend a respectful deference to unprotected womanhood.

The lady, careless of the many glances of covert admiration that her appearance excited among the bystanders, made her way, with the tranquil self-assurance of one who occupies a recognised position, down the flight of steps and across the garden, towards the Paris Hotel. Ainsworth, who at first had merely regarded her with a kind of abstraction—as the eye will dwell unconsciously

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upon any beautiful object, while the mind is engaged upon other matters—suddenly found his senses on the alert.

He was aware that the lady was dressed in some shimmering satin costume, that blended with the moonlight, and that there were jewels on her neck which flashed like stars; also, and above all, that she was wonderfully pretty. By this time she had reached the hotel, and pursuing her course, passed him within an arm's length, and, leaving behind her a faint fragrance of flowers, vanished into the building.

When he descended to breakfast the next morning, it was not without a distinct thrill of pleasure that his eye fell upon the lady of the preceding evening seated at a table by herself, and immersed, it seemed, in the perusal of her letters.

By the purest accident Charlie Ainsworth drifted to the table next to her, and with a preoccupied air sat down. The lady looked suddenly up from her letter, caught Ainsworth's eye (directed, as it were, aimlessly towards her), and, with the least possible flicker of a smile, looked as suddenly down again.

Charlie Ainsworth smoothed his necktie complacently. He was too much of a gentleman to follow up his advantage with a disordered haste. He called for his coffee, and studiously gazed in the opposite direction for five minutes. At the end of that time the lady rose from her seat. Ainsworth ventured another glance, and was chagrined to find it completely ignored. The next moment the lady had gone.

She . . . passed him . . . leaving behind her a faint fragrance of flowers.

He did not see her at lunch, so he presently strolled across to the Casino, and wandered into the Salles de Jeu, which were already crowded. At the third table he stopped short—for she was sitting there on the left of the croupier, demurely jotting down numbers on a roulette card.

Two men stood behind her chair, and one bent slightly over her, as though his counsel had just been solicited. Ainsworth felt a sudden idiotic impulse to pick a quarrel with him.

He walked to the opposite side of the table, and stood looking across the heads of the players at the young lady—for she was young, perhaps twenty-three, certainly not more than twenty-five, he thought. She glanced up from her card and met his eyes—as she had done once before that morning at breakfast.

Her eyes were of a soft liquid blue, and charged with a bewildering witchery. Ainsworth was her slave from that moment. It only remained to discover some pretext for introducing himself. She dropped her eyes

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this time without a smile, but with the least suggestion of embarrassment, which delighted Ainsworth still more.

He worked his way unobtrusively round to her side of the table, and not a little to his satisfaction the two gentlemen, whom he had imagined to be bestowing too familiar a regard upon her, at the same instant moved away. He slid into their place, and affected an extreme interest in the recurrence of the numbers.

The lady seemed quite unaware of his proximity, which annoyed him; but his opportunity came a moment later, when she chanced to drop a coin; it rolled beneath her chair, and the *chef* clapped his hands to summon an attendant. Ainsworth had, however, already stooped and picked up the louis, which he handed to her with a bow.

The next moment the lady had gone.

"Permit me, madame?" said he.

She took the coin from his hand with the coldest acknowledgment, and vouchsafed no further notice of him. Ainsworth sighed. She was really lovely—lovely was the word; pretty conveyed but an inadequate impression of the singular fascination of her countenance. He was more than ever resolved upon the introduction. She did not sit long at the table, but rose and left the rooms. At a respectful distance he followed her from the Casino, and saw her trip down the steps and across the gravel walk back towards the Paris.

A gentleman, passing her, took off his hat with a slight look of surprise and half stopped as though he would address her. She merely returned his salute with a cold bow and walked on. Ainsworth chuckled and then frowned. He wondered who the man was; he had at least the advantage of Ainsworth, for he knew her.

Ainsworth went back to the hotel and looked at the visitors' book. In a bold girlish hand he saw inscribed the name "*Miss* Fairleigh," under date of yesterday. That, then, must evidently be she; her name was Fairleigh. But it struck him as odd that a young English lady should be staying by herself at an hotel at Monte Carlo.

He addressed some guarded inquiries to the porter, and by judicious circumlocution obtained the information that Mademoiselle was expecting daily the arrival of her father who had been detained in Marseilles on business. He accepted the explanation with considerable incredulity, which only added to his desire for an introduction.

Meanwhile Miss Fairleigh maintained at the same time an exclusiveness and a quiet independence of demeanour which seemed quite astonishing in a young unprotected lady. Her position did not appear to cause her the least uneasiness. When she dined or lunched at the hotel she took her meals alone, frezingly repelling the overtures of possible acquaintances.

Sometimes she did not dine at the hotel, and Ainsworth's appetite on these occasions was quite destroyed by his efforts to guess at her whereabouts. On the third evening he seemed as far as ever from an introduction to the beautiful stranger; and Miss Fairleigh's father still gave no indication of any hasty desire to conclude his business at Marseilles. Miss Fairleigh was not at her dinner table.

Ainsworth finished his bottle of Heidsieck and strolled out into the boulevards. He lit a cigar and sauntered towards the Pavilion of the Casino. He was just approaching it, when, up the steps from the lower esplanade, there came daintily the figure of Miss Fairleigh, dressed in a superlative creation of Worth's.

She appeared not to notice him, but passed,

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fairy-like, onwards into the gardens. He was still gazing after her, uncertain whether to follow or remain, when a man sprang up the steps, and brushing past him, hurried off in the same direction, his glance fixed on Miss Fairleigh's disappearing skirt. He was a gentleman of middle size, wearing a light cover coat over his evening dress, and with a face that at this moment bore a very glum and even angry expression.

"Confound it!" thought Ainsworth, "I wonder if that chap is following her?"

It certainly looked like it; but as the gentleman also disappeared round a bend of the path, Ainsworth had no further opportunity of verifying his suspicion.

He lit a cigar and took his way into the Casino. He had little difficulty in discovering Miss Fairleigh at one of the further roulette tables.

The man whom Ainsworth had half-an-hour previously seen hurrying past him in the gardens was now hovering round the table at which Miss Fairleigh sat, biting his moustache, and looking glummer than before. Ainsworth took up his position (it had come to be a sort of recognised post with him, and Miss Fairleigh would look up, catch his eye, smile slightly, and look down again—almost as a matter of course—half-a-dozen times a day) opposite her chair.

Then something happened. She rose from the table at ten (she never remained in the rooms later), and moved towards the atrium. Ainsworth moved towards the atrium at the same moment. The gentleman with the glum face reached the folding doors almost simultaneously with him.

Miss Fairleigh passed into the vestiaire, where she had deposited her cloak. Ainsworth required his hat and stick. Miss Fairleigh looked over her shoulder and gave a little shiver; then, without warning, she turned abruptly to Ainsworth.

"May I ask you to escort me to my hotel?" she asked in a low, hurried voice.

Ainsworth's heart gave a joyous leap. "I could wish for no greater privilege!" he replied fervently. He offered her his arm to descend the flight of marble steps.

"Oh, no, no!" she remarked; "it is not necessary, thank you."

She did not speak again for some moments, but half way across the open space in front of the Casino entrance, she looked over her shoulder again, and this time smiled.

"You will wonder why I should have asked you for the protection of your escort," she said. "It is not my habit to address strangers."

"Pray do not consider me a stranger!" intreated Ainsworth in his best manner. "And as for my protection—believe me, it is yours at any time, at every time, at all times. Indeed," he added, swelling his chest, "such protection is very necessary to a young lady in Monte Carlo."

"Oh, no!" she replied laughing. "I don't think it's necessary at all! *I* have never found it so, at least. I merely wished—I—in fact, it was a sudden whim, a moment's caprice, perhaps a woman's unaccountable feeling of nervousness that came over me suddenly!" she smiled, glancing up at him under her long lashes. "I do not even know your name; though I fancy I have seen you before."

"I fancy you may have done," said Ainsworth modestly, and mindful of intercepted glances and smiles. "My name is Ainsworth—Charlie Ainsworth. Permit me to introduce myself, Miss Fairleigh."

She started and raised her eyebrows. "Miss Fairleigh? Pray how do you know my name is Miss Fairleigh?"

"I read it in the visitors' book," he explained with some complacency.

"Ah, yes—I forgot. It's rather dreadful, isn't it, being alone in an hotel like this? But you see I am waiting for someone."

"Your father," said Ainsworth.

"Why, how do you know?"

"Detained on business at Marseilles," pursued Ainsworth inflexibly.

"You are wonderfully well informed, sir!"

There was a slight tone of displeasure in the words. Ainsworth deprecated it by an expression of admirably assumed humility.

At the steps of the Paris she turned. He turned, too, and perceived the figure of a man standing motionless on the gravel walk, and looking towards them. It was the gentleman with the glum and angry face. Miss Fairleigh gave a little silvery laugh. Ainsworth nodded and laughed, too.

"So the escort *was* necessary?" he observed.

"Not at all, I assure you," she retorted. "That gentleman standing there," she added inconsequently, "is a great duellist, they say." Then with a little bow and a saucy smile she turned her back upon Ainsworth and disappeared quickly into the hotel, leaving him on the steps alone.

The man who had been watching them turned slowly on his heel and walked off in

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the direction of the sea. Ainsworth lit a cigarette and sat down on a chair in the verandah. He had gained his object and was contented—even happy. But the notion of the great duellist caused him a passing uneasiness, which, however, was soon merged in the greater satisfaction of his success with Miss Fairleigh.

On the strength of their five minutes' conversation, he felt justified in claiming the status of a recognised acquaintance, and approached her the next morning with an easy self-assurance. Miss Fairleigh greeted him with a charming and very amiable smile. She held her parasol in her hand, and her morning costume was the expression of cool elegance.

"Your father——" he began.

"My father, Mr. Ainsworth?" and her eyebrows arched interrogatively, even a little mischievously.

"Is still detained at Marseilles on business," he concluded, without any further attempt to disguise his amusement.

Miss Fairleigh stared at him a trifle haughtily, but did not reply. She made a movement as though to descend the steps, half put up her parasol, then paused, uncertainly, with it in her hand.

"I think," said Ainsworth, "that the gardens would be quite charming this morning. So cool and shady."

"I was thinking the same thing five minutes ago," said she.

"Then supposing," he observed innocently, "we walk across to them, and sit down?"

So they sat down on a bench, close to the little rockery where the mountain goats are caged. A few commonplace remarks served to introduce the more serious vein; but Ainsworth felt that he must move with caution in the direction of sentiment.

She was beautiful, but very cold—her humour mercurial and inclining often to the disdainful, which wounded his self-esteem, while it inflamed his passion. Indeed he was—so he persuaded himself—more than half way in love with her. Her indifference was maddening, and he set himself to conquer it—as it seemed with some measure of success—when she rose hurriedly, with a little exclamation of annoyance.

"I think I will walk back to the hotel," she said. "It is getting warm."

Ainsworth paced sullenly by her side. As they emerged into the more open space, a man struck out of a parallel path and walking slowly in the same direction, seemed to keep them in view. Ainsworth looked round, and perceiving him, muttered some uncomplimentary ejaculation. Miss Fairleigh saw him at the same moment, and quickened her steps slightly. At the hotel she gave Ainsworth a little bow of dismissal.

"This evening——?" he began hastily.

"I shall probably walk across to the Rooms at eight," she replied over her shoulder, and was gone.

That evening Miss Fairleigh seemed abstracted; Ainsworth's lighter sallies failed to elicit any lively response from her; and it was with evident relief that the young lady rose from the dinner table at last and went out into the gardens.

He was very exasperated to find the same gentleman, lounging, as it were, aimlessly, outside the hotel smoking a cigar, as they came out of it together, the gentleman of the morning and of the evening before—whom Miss Fairleigh had described as a "great duellist," and whom Ainsworth mentally catalogued as an ill-bred cad.

"There's that man again," growled Ainsworth, "he follows you like a shadow!"

"That man?" queried Miss Fairleigh, pretending a charming ignorance of the person alluded to.

"The short, ugly man with a light overcoat," explained Ainsworth.

"Oh!" smiled Miss Fairleigh, "the duellist! How very odd that he should follow us, isn't it? But I disagree with you, Mr. Ainsworth. I do not consider him at all ugly—rather a good-looking man, in fact."

Ainsworth made no answer, for the topic displeased him; and they strolled in silence down towards the sea.

"Miss Fairleigh, I'm miserable!" he said at last.

Miss Fairleigh started.

"Are you!" said she. "Why? You seemed to be happy enough just now."

"Just now!" he exclaimed bitterly, and as though a century had separated the two points of time. "Could you indeed mistake my assumption of happiness for aught but the mockery that it was? How can a man be *happy* when he lives in such a state of suspense as I have been enduring for two days past?"

For a moment Miss Fairleigh felt genuinely concerned. Vague suspicions of financial ruin, a fortune dissipated, the last despair, and a gambler's end, floated through her mind in connection with Mr. Charlie Ainsworth. She imagined him to be referring to the suspense of play, the deferred hope of

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"How dare you use the word 'shall' to this lady?"

retrieving his losses and the eventual acknowledgment of defeat. She was relieved by his next words, though at the same time her thoughts were jerked by them into a scarcely less unpleasant channel.

"You know," continued he, "that I can be happy only in your smiles!"

Miss Fairleigh was a woman, and the coquetry of the obvious retort was irresistible.

"Then you cannot entirely accuse me of being the cause of your unhappiness!" she said demurely.

"No—but you are variable, at times cold—I seem to find no echo in your heart to the throbbings of my own—it is true your smiles lift me to Heaven, but your indifference plunges me into—into Hades. No—I must speak! you must hear me——"

Miss Fairleigh had half risen, but he laid a detaining hand on her arm. With a little shrug of the shoulders, she leant back on the seat.

"What nonsense you are talking," she observed in a cold tone.

"Nonsense! Do you call it nonsense for a man to love a woman as I love you? There is the truth! I love you! You know it now. You have seen it for three days past. You——"

"Get up, Mr. Ainsworth—and leave me, I beg!" intreated Miss Fairleigh; and her voice shook a little nervously and there was an apprehensive look in her eyes. "This has gone too far," she added. "I never suspected——"

"Too far! Not far enough!" he broke in impetuously. "I will not leave you, dearest! You must marry me——"

"*Must*, Mr. Ainsworth, *must?*" she repeated, and a shade of humour crept into her voice again.

"You *shall!*" he exclaimed.

"*Shall*, sir!" exclaimed a deep, threatening voice. Ainsworth started to his feet and saw standing behind Miss Fairleigh's chair the gentleman in the light overcoat. "How dare you use the word 'shall' to this lady?" "Who the blazes, sir, are you?" cried Ainsworth and glaring at the glum-faced gentleman; "and by what right do you presume to interfere with strangers?"

"By a very good right," retorted the other imperturbably.

"You have dared to follow me and this young lady to this spot, and to play the spy upon us?"

The gentleman nodded.

Miss Fairleigh had risen to her feet. She made a step forward and laid her hand on the gentleman's arm.

"Oh, Robert!" she faltered.

"Robert!" ejaculated Ainsworth in bewilderment. "Why, who is he?—Who the deuce are you, sir? Explain."

"Certainly," said the stranger. "My name is Berkshaw."

"Berkshaw? Berkshaw, the millionaire?"

The gentleman bowed.

"Entirely at your service, sir. And this lady——"

"Yes, Mr. Ainsworth," assented Miss Fairleigh meekly.

"This lady," said Ainsworth, "is Miss Fairleigh."

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"No, sir," said Berkshaw calmly. "This lady is my wife."

Ainsworth started as if he had been stung.

"Is that true?" he demanded.

"I am not in the habit of telling lies, sir!" exclaimed Berkshaw sharply.

"Well, I have been nicely fooled," said Ainsworth with bitterness. "I congratulate you, Miss Fairleigh, on your admirable acting—and I have the honour to wish you —and your husband—good evening."

He raised his hat with studied grace, and setting his teeth savagely, walked away.

"Mr. Ainsworth!" called out Berkshaw.

"Sir?" said Ainsworth over his shoulder.

"I merely wish to add, Mr. Ainsworth, that if you have felt yourself aggrieved in any respect whatever—however trifling—you will find me, sir, perfectly prepared, and indeed charmed, to afford you every satisfaction in my power."

"Thank you," said Ainsworth, and walked off.

No man likes to be made a fool of—intentionally or unintentionally; but Ainsworth's pride was somewhat mollified by a letter that awaited him at breakfast next morning. It was from Miss Fairleigh, and she wrote with the most engaging candour, as one intimate friend to another:

"Dear Mr. Ainsworth," the letter ran, "I certainly feel that I owe you, if not an apology, at least an explanation, and in making it, I must to an extent humiliate my self-esteem by a confession; so I trust you will regard this humiliation in the light of a sufficient atonement for anything in my conduct that may have appeared to you to require condonement.

"My husband and I arrived here a week ago in his yacht—which, as you may know, has been lying in the harbour ever since. I am a woman of caprices, self-willed, and (though I won't acknowledge it), I believe I am spoilt. My husband is self-willed, too. We had a slight disagreement; and to punish him, I vowed that I would leave his yacht and his company for four days, and during that time would neither vouchsafe him word, look, or any sign of recognition.

"How I carried out my threat you are quite able to inform yourself! While pretending an independence of position, I was in reality under the protection of my husband, who (as you are aware) scarcely ever let me out of his sight while I remained in Monte Carlo.

"However, *I never spoke to him once* till yesterday evening, when your totally unexpected behaviour brought things to a sudden climax, and made his interference necessary. I have now returned to his yacht, and this afternoon we shall leave Monte Carlo—to go and look for my father, *who is still detained on business at Marseilles!*—Believe me, dear Mr. Ainsworth, your very sincere acquaintance, Florence Berkshaw."

The mischievous triumph expressed in the two underlined sentences was a copious index to the truly feminine character of Miss Fairleigh. But of the whole letter the words that stood out most aggressively to Ainsworth were, "your totally unexpected behaviour."

"Totally unexpected behaviour, indeed!" he exclaimed. "Oh, yes!—'totally unexpected'!" he repeated, with a sneer that was not complimentary to the veracity of his fair correspondent.

And then by a curious transition of ideas his thoughts reverted suddenly to the little girl in England, and he smiled once more.

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People Who Have Seen Three Centuries

By Stephen Bunn.

Photo, Grut.
Mrs. Neve, the King's oldest subject.
Her age is 109.

Photo, Gunn & Stuart.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hanbury, who died at the age of 108.

Who are the oldest man and woman in the world? After months of careful investigation, a committee appointed by the Hundred Years Club are able to answer the question. The oldest man alive to-day according to this research is Izai Rodofsty, of Moscow, aged 136. He has good eyesight, but poor hearing. All his life he has been a moderate drinker, but a non-smoker, and has never had a day's illness. He comes of a long-lived family, his father dying at the patriarchal age of 120.

The most aged woman of to-day, as far as the committee can discover, is Mrs. Nancy Hollifield, an inmate of a sanatorium at Battle Creek. She is 117. She has always lived a temperate, simple life, doing housework principally since she reached maturity.

There is no golden rule by which longevity may be assured; much depends on the constitution and heredity, but if one wishes to be a centenarian the strictest moderation in diet must be observed, and an equable, well-regulated life is essential. Observation shows that privation is less detrimental to long life than a too luxurious diet, and this explains why the humbler classes afford by far the largest percentage of centenarians. Smoking and drinking in moderation appear to be quite compatible with long life; indeed, in old age a moderate use of spirits and tobacco is said by medical men to be advantageous.

As for bachelors, there appears to be no class that becomes so rapidly extinct. Single blessedness in men and long life are, as a general rule, wide as the Poles. Spinsters last longer, but, if you want to be a centenarian,

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by all means get married. Women live longer than men, because they lead healthier lives. Out of every twenty centenarians not more than seven are men.

Notwithstanding pessimistic views taken by some of the conditions of modern life, statistics show that people live longer than they used to do. At the present time there is quite a large number of centenarians in Great Britain.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of longevity is afforded by the case of Mrs. Margaret Anne Neve, aged 109. There is no question as to the authenticity of her claim to be the oldest subject of the King, for her baptismal certificates have been examined and found duly signed and attested.

Mrs. Neve was born in Guernsey. She is an extremely clever old lady, with all her faculties intact, and her reminiscences provide entertainment by the hour together. In the photograph, she is seen to be wearing a collar of her own crocheting, and a cap of white tulle with a few touches of Wedgwood which, with blue velvet ribbons, afford a pleasing contrast to her snow-white hair. She is still able to read with the aid of glasses, and enjoys very good health.

Photo, Burgess.

Mr. James Rye was born in 1800. He remembers driving some soldiers wounded at Waterloo from Dover to Canterbury.

From a Photo.

Mrs. Moor is 101. She is still active, and has a daughter of seventy-six.

From a Photo.

Mrs. Perrington was born in 1799.

The oldest but one subject of the King was Mrs. Elizabeth Hanbury, who died two months ago at the age of 108. Mrs. Hanbury was a member of the Society of Friends, and she had a son who is an octogenarian. Deafness was her one affliction; in all other respects she was quite the equal of persons of middle age. Although much confined to the house, she took a keen interest in current news.

Mr. James Rye was born in 1800; he has been twice married, but has no children. Although not a teetotaler, Mr. Rye has always been exemplary in his moderation in eating and drinking. He attributes his longevity largely to the fact that he has lived a great deal in the open air. He has very little memory for recent events, but things which happened in his early manhood he recollects very well, especially the circumstance of his driving from Dover to Canterbury in a farmer's waggon some soldiers wounded at Waterloo.

Mrs. Betsy Moor, aged 101, lives at Bishop's Stainton, near Staines, with a married daughter. She is a wonderfully bright old lady intellectually, her principal trouble being with her eyes. She can mount the stairs without any assistance. Her eldest daughter is seventy-six.

Mrs. Perrington, another wonderful old person, was born in 1799. She is also the mother of a family.

There cannot be much the matter with an old lady who insists on riding on the switch-

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Photo, White.

Mrs. Hunter, a gay old person of 105. The year before last she insisted on riding the switchback railway at the local fair.

back railway of a local fair. This was the achievement the year before last of Mrs. Mary Hunter, then 104, and we have it on good authority that nobody enjoyed the fun more than she did on this occasion. Mrs. Hunter is under the fostering care of the Dumfries Parish Council. For all that she is her own mistress, being boarded out by that wise body. Of her twelve children, four survive, one of whom, a daughter, lives with her. She is a tall, big woman, and with the aid of a stick can still get about well.

In the Marylebone workhouse there was, until recently, an old lady aged 102, Mrs. Sarah Warwick, who has passed the last thirty-three years of her existence in that institution. She was the object of the kindly interest of that student of human nature, George R. Sims, who took her for a drive in his carriage on her 100th birthday. Unlike most centenarians, she appreciated the progress of modern times, and would often speak with great enthusiasm of the conveniences she enjoyed in her latter days.

There is Mrs. Smith, born at Cradley Heath on St. Swithin's Day, 1797, one of a family of twelve. She is an excellent instance of the fact that longevity runs in families, for not one of the twelve died under seventy. Mrs. Smith, has survived all except the baby of the family, now aged eighty-five, who doubtless is regarded by centenarians as still quite "in her teens." Mrs. Smith has had a family of nine children. With the exception of rheumatism in her later years, she has never known what it is to have a day's illness. The Christmas before last she was induced to join the family circle, although for some weeks previously her rheumatism had compelled her to keep her bed. For the first time for many years she was unable to join in the carol-singing; she was afraid, she remarked, that her voice was weakening.

Photo, Louis.

Mrs. Warwick died lately at the ripe age of 102.

A few months ago death laid claim to one of our most interesting centenarians, the Dowager Lady Carew, who was born in 1798. Although she was 103 years of age, few people would have taken her for more than eighty. In her time, Lady Carew was a great beauty, and to the very last she retained traces of her former attractions. A gallant Frenchman at the Court of Louis Phillippe described her as, "*charmante et spirituelle.*" Her last years were passed amidst the beautiful surroundings of her country seat at Woodstown.

Photo, Judson

Mrs. Smith was born in 1797. She has had nine children.

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where she divided her time between reading and her favourite game of chess.

Mr. Charles Richards, aged 102, has the distinction of being the youngest-looking centenarian of his day. In appearance he might easily pass for a man of sixty. Yet, he has seen four Sovereigns come and go, and has participated in the rejoicings of three Royal Jubilees. He distinctly remembers the famous victory at Waterloo, and has shaken hands and had many conversations with the Duke of Wellington.

He has voted at every election since the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, and at the recent general election went a mile and a half to poll. His motto in life is "moderation in all things." Three years ago he had a very serious illness, congestion of the lungs, but so vigorous was his constitution that he survived.

He can still read in a strong light, has a good appetite, rises at eight o'clock in the morning, and never goes to bed before ten at night, and then only under pressure of his housekeeper. He is a moderate smoker, and takes a glass of beer every day.

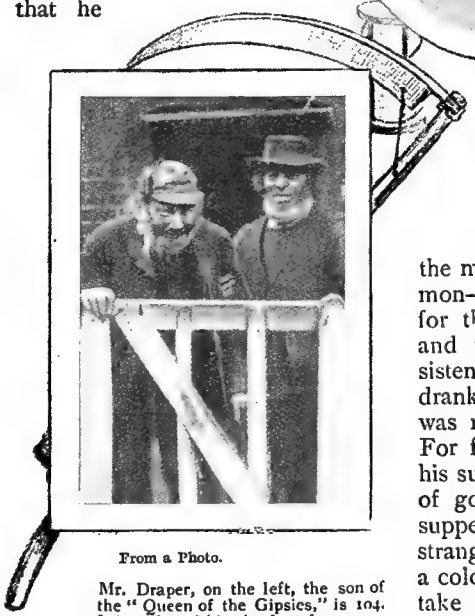
At Witney Wood, Reading, lives Mr. Draper, an old man of 104. He is a thoroughbred gipsy, and it is only within the last few years that he has lived in a house. He comes of a long-lived race; his mother was 108, and was known as "The Queen of the Gipsies." He has a son eighty-three years of age.

Photo, Lafayette.

The late Dowager Lady Carew was born in 1798. She was a great beauty in her day.

Photo, S. Hurst.

Mr. Richards, who is 102 years of age and has voted at every election since the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832.



From a Photo.

Mr. Draper, on the left, the son of the "Queen of the Gipsies," is 104. It is only within the last few years that he has lived in a house.

The Hundred Year Club, who have been recently busying themselves in verifying the ages of the various centenarians, and also in compiling particulars, which are supposed to explain human longevity, have put it on record that most centenarians have some hobby or other to which they attribute their long life. Most of these hobbies are connected with diet, and for the most part centenarians have this principle in common—frugality. An old woman of 100 declared that for thirty years she has lived entirely on potatoes, and that during the last two years her sole subsistence was brown sugar and cold water. One man drank nothing but buttermilk, while another, aged 116, was never known to drink a draught of pure water. For forty years a man of 114 ate roasted turnips for his supper; while another, 113, lived on an abundance of good food, drank tea in the afternoon, but ate no supper. Apart from diet, many centenarians have had strange whims. One who died in St. Louis, at 121, a coloured doctor, could on no account be induced to take a bath in the ordinary way. He used to scour himself with sand.

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PAULA'S PIANO

A MUSICAL ATTACHMENT.

By GERTIE DE S. WEBSTER.

(Told by two soliloquies, a conversation, and two letters.)

SHE *(to her needle)*: There's nothing more annoying than being a woman, unless it is the fact that leap year comes so seldom, and you've been too well brought up to make use of it when it does turn up.

It seems so absurd for me to be living in one flat with a chaperone, while Mark inhabits another below with an elderly housekeeper. What a saving of expense it would be to dismiss the chaperone and the housekeeper, and to have one flat between us!—not to mention the advantages of companionship he would gain by such an arrangement.

I can't understand why he doesn't propose to me. I am sure he loves me—I can see it in his eyes, and you can never mistake a man's eyes—that is if they are dark one's like Mark's, with two rings round the pupil.

He's got plenty of money, for, besides his profession, which must bring him in an awful lot (he is singing somewhere every night), I know he has a private income. We are so well suited to each other in every way except one, of course, but of my deficiency in that respect he knows nothing, for *that* (*pointing to something near the piano*) keeps up my little deception for me.

However that piece of pretence, of which I am heartily ashamed now, seems no good. . . . It serves me right for spending £50 just for the purpose of making a man in a flat below think that I was a desirable wife for a professional singer. Bah! I'll sell it. It must strike him as very strange that, calling so often as he does, he is never shown into my boudoir—I always tell him it's too untidy to be seen.

Oh dear, if as Corneille says, "Deceit is a game played only by small minds," how very infinitesimal my brain must be! Well, it's no good stopping at home doing needlework that is absolutely useless just with the hope that a laggard wooer may call. I'm going out, and I'll put an advertisement in the Exchange column of "Woman's Wisdom," and see if any misguided person will take that (*pointing near piano*) and give me a Persian kitten and a sealskin cape for it. (*Exit.*)

* * * * *

HE *(to his pipe)*: Blow it! I don't mean *you*, or you might go out; I allude to my sentiments regarding circumstances and fate. How much sweeter you would taste, my friend, if you had been filled by her dainty fingers and if she were sitting opposite to me there ready to re-light you if you went out—a *contretemps* which I fancy might often occur if she and I were together alone. . . .

Pah! what's the good of day-dreaming? It can never be. How could I marry a woman who would be always using the piano when I wanted to practice? I could not ask her to give it up because playing like hers could have only been acquired by years of indefatigable study. It's true I've only heard it through a ceiling and a floor, but those seem merely to act as resonators and to accentuate the marvellous distinctness and liquid purity of each run and trill.

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Paula's practising is of a very unusual order, and her *répertoire* peculiarly circumscribed. She never attacks scales or any technical exercises, but only plays seven pieces, which strike me as being a strange and heterogeneous selection. "Rhapsodie" of Liszt, the "Jolly Monk Polka," Beethoven's "Funeral March," "La Czarine," a "Ballade" of Chopin's, "Maisie is a Daisy," and a Bach's "Fugue." I can't understand it, but all I know is that this accomplishment of hers must stand between us and our happiness.

I may be a conceited fool to say "our," but I can't help thinking somehow that she cares—there is a certain curve at the corner of her mouth when she smiles, and you can never mistake the meaning of a woman's smile when she has dimples.

Perhaps she would give it up? Ah! no, I couldn't be such a brute as to ask her, and even if she did, I should know that after we were married her little heart and fingers were yearning after the "Polka" or the "Fugue," and that she was thinking of all she had renounced for the sake of being tied to a long-haired fool of a professional singer. . . .

And then again, she might want to accompany me, which would inevitably lead to quarrels (I have never yet been friendly with an accompanist for more than a month), so I must renounce my dream of woman's love, and Art must for ever be my mistress. I'll just go and call at No. 2 for the last time, though as the infernal piano is quiet it is probable she may be out. However, I'll try my luck, and after that, my friend, you and I must grow old and seasoned alone together. *(Puts down pipe and exit.)*

* * * * *

HE *(to the Maid who opened the door at No. 2)*: Is Miss Penlyn at home?

MAID: No, sir, she is out.

HE: Oh—er—I'm sorry. . . . At what time do you expect her to return?

MAID: She didn't say, sir.

HE: Thanks. You might mention I called, and—*(sounds of Bach's "Fugue" steal on the air)*—why, Mary, I fear you have

Cook playing a "Fugue" by Bach! What *do* you mean?

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made an error in saying that Miss Penlyn is out.

MAID: No, I've not, sir.

HE: But I can hear her playing.

MAID: Beg pardon, sir, but you can't.

HE: But I can I tell you—I recognise the piece and her touch.

MAID: No, sir, saving your presence, you don't.

HE: Then who is that playing?

MAID: Well, sir, I don't like to give a fellow servant away, but it's cook.

HE: Cook playing a "Fugue" by Bach! What *do* you mean?

MAID: Well, sir, I told her not to meddle with the thing when Miss Paula was out, but cook's that musical and obstinate there's no stopping her. The "Fugg" is a particular favourite of hers because it seems to make the most noise all at once, as if there was lots of them going together like. It would make my ankles ache something awful to work it, besides all them little holes and dots dancing about as the paper runs along hurting the eyes, so *I* never do it, sir.

HE *(running his fingers through his hair)*: Never do *what?*

MAID: Why, sir, work Miss Paula's pianola.

HE: What, do you mean to tell me that Miss Paula does not play herself—that the music I hear only comes from a mechanical piano attachment?

MAID: That's about it, sir.

HE: Can't Miss Paula play at all then?

MAID: Not a bit, sir. I heard her say as how she was always a dunce at music at school, and that's why she bought this thing to fasten on to the piano, which plays any tune you stick on to it, provided you don't stop just working the treadle things with your feet. Miss Paula's only got seven tunes, but cook's hoping she'll soon get another, because we're getting a bit tired of these.

HE: Thank you, thank you, Mary. . . . Mary—er—you need not tell Miss Paula I called or—er—mention this little talk we have had. . . . I—er—shall—er—feel extremely gratified if you—will purchase yourself some trifle with this (*gives her half-sovereign*) as—a—to show—er—um from me.

MAID: Thank you very kindly, sir (*as he turns to go*). I hope, sir, I haven't in any way lowered your opinion of Miss Paula by telling you that she can't play, because there's lots of other things she *can* do, you know.

HE: Mary, you've made me the—the happiest man in the world! Good afternoon (*runs down the steps two at a time and enters his own door*).

* * * * *

(*His letter to her.*)

PAULA,—A sudden determination has come upon me to ask you a question that has been trembling on my lips and clamorous in my heart for months. Dear, will you throw in your lot with that of a poor "singer of songs"? Will you make real for him the ballads which tell of requited loves, so that when he sings them, his heart and yours and the public may not feel that the words are only idle mates for the music? Will you marry me, Paula, and make complete my life? Be merciful, dear heart, and let me know my fate to-day—now.

MARCUS DALMONT.

(*Her letter to him.*)

I have just received your letter, Marcus, and I can find nothing more original to say than that it has made me very happy. My answer, dear, is "yes," but will you still want me, I wonder, when I tell you something that you must know? Probably you have heard very brilliant piano-playing from this flat, and I am aware that you have believed I was the one responsible for it; Marcus, I can't play a bit—not even well enough to accompany a simple song! The music to which you have listened was made by the pianola that I bought when I first came here. Now, if you feel you can go through life without a musical wife come round and see me at once—but if you are not here within a quarter of an hour I shall know it was the pianola you wooed and not —— PAULA.

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The King Of Jugglers

He places a cigar, a top hat, and an eyeglass on an umbrella——

By Stanley White.

Cinquevalli is, of course, the greatest juggler on earth.

But all men are jugglers—at least once in their lifetimes. Have you not thoughtlessly thrown your waistcoat across a room and found that it has hung itself on its ancestral peg as though by instinct, and has not the cigarette end you have thrown away deliberately reversed the traditions of its species by alighting, not on its side, but perpendicularly?

Thus you have done, yourself, the very things that take your breath away when you see them performed by jugglers. The only difference between you and them is that your juggling feat has been unpremeditated and theirs the mere technical accomplishment of the same feat through minute study and calculation. The wonder is, not that they do the thing, for have you not done it? It is that they have done it by calculation, and there we enter on a sea of problems.

——tosses them into the air——

Yes, Cinquevalli does things in public which most people would refuse to credit on hearsay evidence. Take, for instance, that feat of consummate cleverness which he does with four articles—an umbrella, a cigar, an eyeglass, and a hat. Placing the last three on the umbrella, Cinquevalli tosses them into the air, catches the cigar in his mouth, the hat on his head, and the eyeglass in his eye.

His most difficult feat is as follows—it cost him eight years to perfect:—Holding a wineglass in his mouth, he fits a billiard ball into the cup; the thin end of a cue is balanced on the ball, and on top of the cue are balanced two more balls.

When Cinquevalli first essayed this task everybody said it was a sheer impossibility, and it really seemed that for once everybody was right. It was eighteen months before Cinquevalli could keep his pile of ill-assorted articles in position even for a couple of

——and catches them—the cigar in his mouth, the hat on his head, the eyeglass in his eye.

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(1) Holding a wineglass in his mouth, he fits a billiard ball into the cup; a billiard cue is balanced on the ball, and two more balls are piled on the top of the cue.

(2) He lets loose the glass, and all the articles fall into the pockets prepared for them.

Cinquevalli playing billiards. Cannons are made in the air, and, descending, glide backwards and forwards over his body, falling into their proper pockets as if by magic.

seconds. Still, acting on the principle that what can be done once can be done always, he persevered and finally conquered.

All sorts of surmises have been hazarded to explain how he does it. Some will have it that the balls are flattened, or that they are stuck together with wax. But the explanation is far more simple. The balls and cue maintain their perpendicular by sheer skill in balancing.

Cinquevalli's feats may be roughly divided into two classes; those which depend on quickness of hand and eye, or jugglery in the generally accepted sense of the word, and those which are the outcome of his unrivalled powers as a balancist. He has a most wonderful "eye." In balancing it is essential, of course, that the eye should be kept steadily upon the object under control; but some of the feats are so complicated that it is necessary for the performer to see out of the corners of both eyes as well as in front of or above him—a seeming impossibility.

In the "lemon squash trick" Cinquevalli places three straws upon his head in the form of an inverted pyramid, upon the top of which is supported a tall glass of the kind demanded for summer drinks. One would think it quite difficult enough to preserve such a frail structure from collapsing, but Cinquevalli is of another opinion; he never likes his hands to be idle, so with the left he juggles with a crush hat, while with the right he keeps a straw hat rotating upon the point of a cue. Cinquevalli is never so happy than when he is doing not only two, but three or four things at once.

He has been dubbed the human billiard table, and with good reason. His performance with billiard balls is as amusing as it is original. He actually plays a game of billiards, fifty up, upon his back and shoulders, and the most wonderful part of this performance is that he is almost entirely dependent upon the sense of touch, being mostly in a position in which it is impossible for him to see the balls. Cinquevalli has a special coat made of real billiard cloth and fitted with five pockets—one on each shoulder, two in front, and one at the bottom of his back. Cannons are made in the air, and, descending, the balls glide backwards and forwards over the body, falling into their proper pockets as if by magic. In some respects this is one of the most mystifying of Cinquevalli's performances; cause and effect seem to have no connection but the balls travel into their right pockets every

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time, whether falling sheer from ten or twelve feet high or whether rolling, unseen by the operator, upon his sensitive back.

In one of his most sensational feats, the safety of a second person—his assistant—is involved. It is still further complicated by Cinquevalli's habit of dividing his attention. The factotum, seated at a small table, is reading the newspaper, when suddenly table, chair, and man are lifted into the air by the Samson-juggler, who, kneeling down, takes the bottom rung of the chair between his teeth, and then, removing his hands, supports the weight of the entire fabric by strength of jaw and knowledge of the exact angle at which the weight can best be sustained. One would have thought this sufficient to engage the attention, but Cinquevalli improves the occasion with a little jugglery with three balls.

(1) His waistcoat lies on the floor.

(2) He kicks it into the air.

(3) He lets hands slide through the arm-holes.

(4) The next second the waistcoat sits adjusted in its proper place.

Once the factotum is convulsed with fright, and seems to come very near a nasty fall; but he is really quite safe. Cinquevalli confided to me that the man is trained to look scared, just in the same manner as animals in some wild beast shows are taught to make a pretence of attacking their trainers, just to give a lively touch to the proceedings.

Cinquevalli is a good stage manager as well as a wonderful juggler; he is quick to notice the effect of his feats upon his audiences, and exclamations of wonderment and fear frequently give him ideas. The great cannon ball, with which he plays so jauntily, has more than once caused genuine alarm in the orchestra.

Once it made a sudden bound in the direction of a violoncellist, who flung down his instrument in a panic and made for the exit. Of course, there was no real danger, and the audience roared with laughter, as the poor instrumentalist crept back to his seat. It need hardly be said that this was not the last occasion on which the ball travelled towards an orchestra to be brought back just in the nick of time. Cinquevalli has a strong vein of humour, and uses it to diversify his performances.

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He throws up a candle, lights it in mid-air, and catches it lit in a candle-stick.

He balances three straws on his forehead, and places a tall glass on top of them. While balancing this frail structure, he juggles with two crush hats and keeps a straw hat rotating on a billiard cue.

To hold two billiard balls in this fashion may not look very difficult. But you try it.

One of his assistants, a rather nervous kind of individual, would sometimes spring forward to save an article which Cinquevalli was dropping on purpose, catching it, of course, when within a couple of inches or so of the ground. His present assistant does the same sort of thing at times as his nervous predecessor, but his movements are the result of education, not nervousness, and the effect is often very funny indeed.

Holding two billiard balls one on the other between two cues is, perhaps, not very showy, but it is amazingly difficult, and the hat which walks up an umbrella in distinct contradiction to its nature to roll the other way seems as if "possessed," and so it is—with the genius of Cinquevalli for conquering the laws of gravitation.

Once at a dinner party in St. Petersburg Cinquevalli's host asked him to do something to amuse the company. The excuse that he had none of his implements did not avail, for his host handed him a knife, fork, and boiled potato to see what he could do with them. The great juggler, not in the least knowing what he was about to do, took them, thought a moment, then suddenly flung all three into the air, juggled with them for a few moments, suddenly seized the knife, cut the potato in two pieces while in mid-air, and transfixed one half upon the knife and the other upon the fork.

Cinquevalli was a clever juggler before he left school. As a boy he astonished his schoolfellows by his extraordinary dexterity. Throwing up a slate, he would draw

One of his hardest tricks. He makes a top hat walk on its edge *up* an umbrella.

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upon it three lightning strokes, in the form of the letter A, while it was still in the air. But it was in exercises requiring strength as well as skill that he was especially prominent.

At the annual sports contests he represented his school, and with so much success as to attract the attention of a member of the entertaining profession who happened to be present. He made overtures to Cinquevalli to join his troupe. Cinquevalli consulted his father, receiving his unqualified refusal. The circus proprietor renewed his proposals, and Cinquevalli, not being able to obtain his father's consent, went without.

With his new master, he visited the principal towns on the Continent, and from the first was a huge success. His career as an acrobat, however, was destined to come to an abrupt conclusion. The assistant, whose duty it was to see to the proper working of the trapeze, omitted to wipe the moisture from the bars. Cinquevalli made a big swing, grasped the bar, which slipped through his fingers as though it had been greased, and he fell sheer into the net, and from thence was flung on to the ground.

He is given three articles: a knife, a fork, and a potato. He throws them into the air, catches knife and fork——

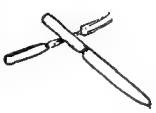
——cuts the potato in mid-air——

——and catches the two halves, one on the knife, one on the fork.

When he left the hospital five months later, he found that the condition of his left wrist would debar him from resuming acrobatic performances. Acting on the advice of friends, he developed his talents as a juggler.

But it was jugglery of a kind to which the public had not been accustomed, jugglery stripped of the conventions which had hitherto hampered the art. Instead of using the traditional golden balls and other such stage paraphernalia, and instead of appearing in a costume of gaudy tinsel, Cinquevalli juggled with knives and forks, top hats and walking sticks, and, as for his dress, it was usually that of the ordinary man in the street.

The people were delighted, and ever since Cinquevalli has been sure of enormous audiences. There is no man who has been more imitated, but his most difficult feats have never been done by others, at least without the assistance of spurious contrivances such as Cinquevalli scorns.



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OUR SPEECH DAY

By Hilda Cowham.

First Letter.

Dear Tom,

To-morrow's our Speech Day. I suppose you don't know what that means, never having been to a big school like this. Well, we break up for the holidays, I don't mean chip ourselves in pieces, but split the assembly till next half, and, when that happens, we always have a sort of "kick up."

The Head and a lot of fat men, Directors I think, make speeches which are horrid; school reports are read which are still more horrid, especially if the guv's with you. Prizes and certificates are given out (I don't get any), and after all that the fun commences; we recite and sing and act. I have a small part to play, Briggs minor and I. The balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." I'm Romeo; no girl's part for me, and don't I look all right. I wish you could come and see me—yellow hose, green tunic, and a sword—a real one.

I hope Briggs minor won't kiss me; I should never survive it, you know. He gets so cracked on his part, that he doesn't mind what he does. Why, last night, at the dress rehearsal, he very nearly managed it; in fact, he would have done so if I hadn't dodged. I reserve myself for the genuine article, don't you know?

You remember me telling you about Bailey—a day boy—well, he's going to bring his sister down to-morrow—says she's a stunner. We are allowed to invite a few friends each. I'm not asking anyone, they're such a nuisance; besides, I want to play it up to someone fresh. I'm tired of—you know—she hasn't answered my last two letters, and besides she's such a kid, and giggles so, one gets tired of a girl that laughs at everything one says.

Well I must shut up now, another rotten dress rehearsal in five minutes, and my hose takes some time to get on, being rather tight. Will write and let you know all about to-morrow.

Oh, by the way, did I tell you that there's a small dance in the evening to celebrate Kippers' wedding, he's our form master, his real name is Kipton but we call him Kippers for short, and he's going to be married this vac.

Hope they put plenty of nice shady corners to sit out in, eh?—Yours in haste.

Dick.

Second Letter.

Dear Tom,

Oh, I must tell you what an afternoon I've had. We've got the first part over, and the dance begins at seven, so I'm just taking a little rest. You should have seen us this morning getting ready, you would have laughed. There was little Jenkins shaving — yes, actually shaving! He sneaked the razor from home last vac., and after he'd finished, which wasn't long, 'cos he's got nothing to shave, he passed it round, and we all had a try.

It somehow makes you feel rather like a man, even though you chop a square inch off yourself.

We were all very anxious to see Bailey's sister, and by Jove! old chap, he was quite right, she was a stunner. I used to think M. pretty, but she's nothing to her. Black eyes, little curls, red beads, corals, I think, and a red sash—a regular knock-out. There was a crowd round her immediately, and Bailey

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had quite a difficulty in getting her over to me to introduce her, 'cos he'd promised that I should sit next her. I could scarcely take my eyes off her, she was such a treat, and, my eye, didn't the other chaps look jealous, when I conducted her to a seat beside me. But, Tom, now comes the awful part. I was just going to sit down when someone took hold of my hand, I turned round and, well, you could have knocked me down with a feather, there stood M——!!! How she'd got there, goodness only knows. I suppose I looked rather blank when she said: "Aren't you pleased to see me?" I tell you I couldn't answer her for a minute or two, then I said: "How did you get here?" "Oh," she said, "sit down and I'll tell you. I suppose I may sit here"—with a look at Miss Bailey. Of course, I couldn't very well say no, but my heart sank, and I saw that horrid sneak Jones, laughing. I'm sure he saw what a predicament I was in.

It was awful, wasn't it? Just as I was going to have such a spree, too.

Fortunately, Bailey came back, and a happy thought struck me—why not introduce them?—It would be a sort of return for Bailey's kindness to me, so I said: "Oh, Bailey, this is Miss Margaret Blyth, a very old friend of mine."

I think he twigged, 'cos he's a good old sort, and said: "Delighted, I'm sure." You know, the usual rot, and offered to make room for her beside him. But no—she turned to me, and whispered quite loudly:

"Dick, dear, I'd rather sit by you." There's a fool for you! Of course, the other one heard, she couldn't help it.

I introduced her to nearly all the chaps in our form, to get rid of her, till at last it became quite a by-word—"I say, old chap, have you been introduced to Dick Hayling's extra?" A nice thing for me, wasn't it?

Take my tip, old man, never start a fresh affair till you've *quite finished* with the last. Girls are so thick that they don't, or they won't, see when you don't want them.

Just as I was beginning to get desperate, my eyes fell on sneak Jones. I had not introduced her to him. He was supposed to be rather a lady killer.

I jumped up, and beckoned to Jones. I hated doing it, as it seemed a let down on my part to have to ask a favour of such a cad. He came instantly and grasped the situation at once. I must say he is jolly sharp, and may be is not so black as he's painted. He began his killing at once, and seemed to get on very well—he seems rather a dab at the job.

Oh, I had a blissful half-hour with Florrie. You see when one has such a short time to make up for nearly an hour and a half, one has to rush things rather. But before the time was up, I had done pretty well.

I had told her that it was love at first sight, and that she only lived for me now—in fact, I was just measuring her finger for the usual circlet when the bell rang for me to dress, so I had to tear myself away.

I asked Jones to sit in the middle for reasons of my own, as I would rather the two girls were divided, 'cos M. might be rather spiteful.

Oh Tom, I shall never forget that performance; somehow everything seemed to go wrong. Briggs minor's wig fell off, 'cos he would lean too far over the balcony, and I dared not stoop to pick it up for reasons I told you of before, so had to hoist it up to him on the end of my foot, which made everybody laugh, and so enraged Briggs that he didn't know what he was doing, and when he came to the goodbye part, he got so excited, he kissed me, I knew he would; good gracious, it was awful. I couldn't help it, but I shouted "chuck it."

Of course, the audience were in fits. I just squinted round, and—oh, what do you think I saw? Jones sitting next to Florrie, and Bailey next to M., like this, and weren't they going it, too — Jones and Florrie, I mean. I said before, he was rather a dab, but I didn't expect this, it was a perfect marvel.

I stared like a stuck

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pig; they were in the front row, so I could see perfectly. I don't know what the audience must have thought. I've no doubt I should have been standing there now if Briggs hadn't shouted my cue: "Till—it—be—morrow—morrow—morrow," and then I remembered.

How I got through those last four lines I don't know, but when it was over I flew to the dressing-room and changed, and then tore round to my seat. Imagine my feelings when I got there, they were gone all of them. I asked the chaps if they'd seen them anywhere, they said "No."

Oh, it was too mean.

I waited for about ten minutes and then I saw sneak Jones coming back alone. I went to him immediately, and demanded where he had put her. He was insolent, told me not to be inquisitive about things which did not belong to me—belong to me, indeed, why she had sworn to be mine.

So I told him there was no help for it, we would meet in the cricket-field at six, and he could choose the weapons. So here I am, Tom, the most miserable man under the sun, but if fighting will do it, why we'll fight.

Yours in sorrow,

DICK.

Third Letter.

DEAR TOM,

Just a line to tell you all about it—such a sell!

When we got to the meeting-place, we found Jones with a wooden sword, as though anybody could duel with a thing like that, and he looked rather queer when he saw mine, so I told him that if he liked he could choose another method of settling it, 'cos I thought it hardly fair as I had a real sword. But he wouldn't; told me I was a coward, and was trying to back out. So you see here was no help for it.

We'd got everything nicely arranged; in fact, I had just given my first thrust, when who should come into the field but the Head. He came over directly to see what the stir was about, and was very cross when Briggs minor explained it, and has given us five hundred lines each without a blot, for the holidays, so after all we've got to settle it another way.

So in haste, as we haven't much time, the dance is at seven.—Yours in anxiety,

DICK.

P.S. Just had a line from Jones to say that the girls can decide for themselves and for us. So be it.

Fourth Letter.

DEAR TOM,

I must tell you, I'm so excited. Think man, hurrah! she chose me, me, me. O, I am happy! M. won't look at me, is perfectly content with Bailey, and chucked me back my ring as I passed her in the passage.

Oh, I am happy! Another thing. Oh, joy! I'm going to stay with Bailey for a week or so during the vac.—won't we have a time? Dear Flo! I haven't any money, but I've promised her another coral necklace—a real one, with a gold snap, as her other is only imitation, and tied with string.

When the dance commenced Sneak Jones and I went straight up to Flo—my Flo—and asked her straight away which she preferred, and she said, without a moment's hesitation! "You, Mr. Dick." There's a brick for you!

Old Jones looked rather bad, but he couldn't do anything. He told me afterwards that after all she wasn't much. I could have knocked him down—and that in the future he would never go in for love, looks, or position, but, Money. Poor fellow, it does seem rather hard, but I couldn't let him have my Flo.

Oh! we did have a lovely evening together, she and I. The "shady corners" were arranged splendidly, and then came the parting. Romeo and Juliet came in very well for that. You ought to learn it, you'd find it so useful. Only this time it was in earnest, no wig falling off, or any rot like that, and then, oh! the XXXX.—From your so happy, DICK.

P.S.—Briggs minor has promised to introduce me to his sister, so you see I'm full up.

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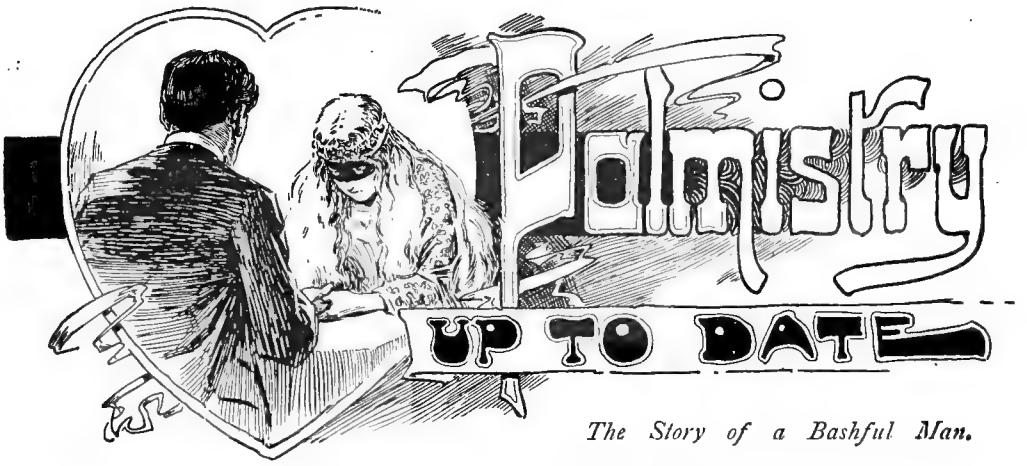

The Story of a Bashful Man.

By Hilda C. Hammond-Spencer.

From Miss Nancy Trevor, "The Elms," Cranley,

To

Miss Jessie Carew, 265 Great Gloucester Street, W.

June 8th, 1901.

My dearest Jess,

You see I am starting my long-promised letter at last! You must not mind if it is not a particularly cheerful one, for at present I feel rather down in "the depths of some divine despair"—all owing to Bob Ferrars, as usual. You, my dear Jessie, are a young person rich in experiences, and always ready to offer a word of advice to one less fortunate than yourself. Therefore, what is to be done with a man who adores me and is longing to inform me of the fact, but who can't screw his courage to the sticking-place?

I am sure I have given him encouragement and opportunities enough. In fact, a spiteful girl might say I had made the way *too* easy for him; but no one who knew Bob would say that. His bashfulness is a positive torture to me; what it must be to the poor dear fellow himself, goodness only knows!

Anyhow, Bob's devotion to me is becoming talked about in Cranley; you know what dear, amiable creatures our local gossips are, and how their souls delight in a spicy bit of scandal! What is to happen?

If I had one of those mothers whom one reads about in society novels, she would promptly ask Bob his intentions. But my dear old easy-going mater smiles softly to herself, and, I am convinced, labours under the pleasing delusion that everything is going on beautifully, and that it will all come right one of these days.

"How nice Mr. Ferrars is, my dear," she remarks at frequent intervals. "Don't you think, Nancy, that we might ask him to dine with us to-night? He must be so lonely by himself, poor young fellow."

At this, I snigger inwardly, for, in truth, the "poor young fellow" shows few signs of loneliness, having one characteristic in common with the poor, in that he is always with us. However, I obediently accede to my mother's suggestion, as becomes a dutiful daughter, and, in consequence, Bob is seen seated at our festive board once more, nobly struggling with the conversation, and dividing his attention between me and his dinner—much to the detriment of the dinner!

Sometimes he grows very silent, and instinct tells me that he is trying to nerve himself for the critical moment; then he heaves a deep sigh, and I realise that he has shied again, and let what scientists term the "psychological moment" slip away.

There is no Cranley news to give you, except that Margie Gore and Dick Everest have made up their minds to take each other for better or worse. I am so glad the engagement has come off, for Margie is a dear little thing, and a great friend of mine; while Dick is Bob's particular chum, such an amusing, good-hearted soul. Margie is very much concerned about Bob and me, and it amuses me vastly to notice that she is turning her match-making eye in our direction. You see, she is so blissfully happy about her Dick that she wants to pair off all those of her friends who are unfortunate enough to be single!

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There is to be a huge Bazaar held here in a week's time. Mrs. Gore and the mater are sharing a stall, whilst Margie and I assist our respective parents. I suppose Bob will act as aide-de-camp, and will help me to hawk round penny dips, pincushions, etc.; he will have to be carefully drilled beforehand, otherwise the result will spell disaster!

I see Margie coming in at the gate, to discuss the Bazaar, I suppose (it is a very fruitful topic of conversation at present amongst all the Cranleyites, and you'll observe that we like it spelt with a capital B!), so I must leave my young epistle to be "continued in our next."

Later.

What *do* you think Margie wanted? She was brimming over with what she called her "brilliant idea," and talked and gesticulated in that excitable way of hers for fully an hour.

You will never guess in what capacity I am to figure at this Bazaar, so I may as well tell you at once. My dear Jess, Nancy Trevor is to be transformed, "for this occasion only," into "Saturnella, the celebrated Lady Palmist from London!" Please don't think the heat has turned what little brain I possess; I'll explain matters as clearly as I can, and, to start with, I'll set down Margie's own words, as well as I can remember them.

"Nancy!" she began, first glancing hastily round the room to see that the powers that be, in the shape of my mother, were safely disposed of elsewhere. "I've got such a *grand* idea!"

I smiled, for I know Margie's "grand ideas" of old; she saw the smile, and promptly continued:

"Yes, I know what you are thinking; but you're an ungrateful wretch if you mock at me now, when I've lain awake all through the 'stilly night,' arranging an idea which is destined to prove the greatest boon to you and Bob Ferrars.

"Don't interrupt, but listen," as I opened my mouth to utter an astonished "Oh!" "Dick and I are both quite tired of Bob's absurd shyness, and of seeing the way in which he follows you about all over the place. The other day, Dick told him that he thought him an ass, and, in a moment of expansiveness, Bob confessed that he would give anything in the world to propose to you, only he never can bring himself to do it; at the critical moment he always thinks:

"'You idiot, she's certain to refuse you!' and his courage straightway evaporates.

"So Dick and I have prepared a plot. I know you care for Bob, and you can enter into a joke, so, if you are game, and won't back out of it at the last minute, I'll engage that he lays his heart at your feet within two days after the Bazaar!"

"But what on earth," said I, with astonishment writ large on my face, "has the Bazaar to do with Bob's proposal?"

"My idea is this," said Margie, laughing: "we have a good many attractions in the shape of bran-pies, etc., but we have no Palmist; you know a Palmist always takes more money than all the stalls put together."

"Yes, she does," I agreed. "But where are we to get her?"

"*Here*, my dear! *You* are to fill that exalted position; fill it with credit and satisfaction, I hope and believe."

"*I!* my dear Margie, you must be mad! Why, I know no more about Palmistry than you do about—about—Political Economy. Besides, what can this possibly have to do with Bob?"

"How dreadfully impatient you are! I was just going into details; you really must not interrupt me again. As for your being as a babe in the science of

"*Here*, my dear! *You* are to fill that exalted position!"

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Palmistry, that doesn't matter in the least. Don't you know every soul in Cranley and within a radius of ten miles round? Won't you be able to tell them the most startling home-truths about themselves? What need is there for any occult science when you know so much about them already?"

The idea tickled me so much that I began to roar with laughter, in which Margie joined.

"But they will recognise me!" I cried at last.

"No, you will be masked. We will advertise you as 'Saturnella, the celebrated mysterious London Palmist.'"

"But really I don't see—" I began, but again Margie interrupted me.

"No, I know you don't *yet*," she observed, "I'm just coming to that. It will be Dick's share of the good work to see that Bob is one of your clients. He will come, in blissful ignorance that he is to have his hand read by his adored one, and you will reveal some most interesting little facts. Tell him his character, and give him any details you can remember of his happy childhood (it *was* a happy childhood, wasn't it Nancy?) just to convince him of the infallibility of Palmistry.

"Then come to the point; tell him he is in love with a girl, and describe her—yourself, of course. Say that he is too shy to ask her to marry him (he will acknowledge the truth of that, in his heart of hearts), and add that she cares for him in return, but will very soon begin to feel hurt and mortified if he does not tell her of his love; so advise him most earnestly to overcome his shyness, or it may spoil both their lives. There! that's my idea, or, rather, the rough outline of it, and if it doesn't have the desired effect I'll—I'll—*eat my hat!*" she ended, with sudden vigour, and in parlance learnt from her young brother, as the most terrible threat that occurs to her.

So it is settled! There do seem to be possibilities in the plan; at any rate, it should prove amusing, and it will certainly be a novel experience for me. I fancy that "Saturnella" will have gained a great reputation amongst Cranleyites, at all events as a reader of character and the past, by the end of the eventful day!

Yours ever,

NANCY TREVOR.

June 17th.

DEAREST OLD JESS,

Well, the day is past and over, so I am going to satisfy your curiosity, which, judging from your letter, seems to have been aroused to its highest pitch.

First of all, then, I had told Bob that he was on no account to come near our stall until late in the afternoon, when he could take me to have some tea. My excuse was that we should probably be doing a thriving trade, and a mere man would only be very much in the way. Dick, like the good Samaritan he is, came to my help.

"I say, Ferrars," he remarked, "I've been given my marching orders, too; we are to superintend the bran-pie. Don't you feel rather afraid we may not be equal to the task?"

"We must support each other, old man!" Bob answered. "I'm game for anything you like. I don't suppose business will be so brisk as to leave us no time for a smoke."

As a matter of fact, I heard afterwards that all the juvenile population of Cranley seemed to have been attracted to that particular bran-pie, so that Dick and his unsuspecting victim were kept hard at work until past five o'clock. Then Dick suggested that by way of a little amusement and innocent relaxation they should hie them to the Palmist's tent.

Now I must go back a little way and tell you how "Saturnella" fared.

Margie and I worked hard all the morning, and transformed my small tent into a regular bower of roses. In the centre we placed a small table, with a chair on either side; on the table a crystal reposed—this by way of lending an air of reality to the scene. I sincerely hoped that no one would want me to use it, and I had every intention of making my charges for "crystal gazing" so exorbitant that my clients would declare themselves well satisfied with my palmistry!

At the appointed time in the afternoon I put on my mask, also a golden wig, which was a reminiscence of a play we had once acted, and which, I flattered myself, completely transformed me; then I sat down and waited.

Before long the entrance to my tent was besieged by an eager crowd; all the fashionable world of Cranley seemed to be there, to say nothing of people from out-lying districts, who came to enjoy the opportunities for mild dissipation afforded by the Bazaar.

Oh, Jessie, if you only knew how much, and how frequently, I wanted to laugh! "Only one person allowed in at a time," was my rule, and then, I, knowing as I did, the identity and history of nearly all my clients, made him or her fairly gasp with astonishment. Some of them went away

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"Er—will you be kind enough to read my hand?"

pleased; others were distinctly annoyed; but one and all, I could see (and have since heard) thought me "simply wonderful." I told that odious Mrs. Brabazon all about her flirtation with Captain Morville, and the consequent quarrel with her husband, not to mention several other little facts in her history; she didn't like my home-truths one little bit; but she was evidently much impressed, and I chuckled softly to myself!

At last, when my head was beginning to spin, and I was thinking I should have to strike work for the afternoon (the bag for my fees had got uncommonly heavy by this time!), Margie popped her head inside the tent.

"Oh, come in!" I cried. "I'm quite exhausted! They say these occult sciences do take it out of one, but I never believed that statement until now. I really must have a rest. Here, Margie, you're acting as my treasurer, so take this, my child!" and I prepared to hand over my bag of silver.

"No, no!" she exclaimed vehemently. "Cheer up, Nancy, and nerve yourself for one supreme effort! Bob is just coming to have his hand read! Ah! I thought that would rouse you," as I sprang to my feet and began patting down my hair, at the same time taking a hasty glimpse of myself in the tiny mirror, which was all Margie had conceded to my vanity. "I just looked in to warn you; *be careful!*" With these words she emulated the Boojum, and "softly and silently vanished away."

It was a trying moment when Bob entered. I struggled with a wild and hysterical desire to laugh. After a slight pause, during which he looked at the crystal, and I looked at him, he said, in that abrupt way of his:

"Er—will you be kind enough to read my hand?"

"Certainly," I murmured. "Will you sit down?"

Then my courage came back. I took heart of grace, and thought of the various successes of that afternoon.

"I will begin with your character," taking his hand as I spoke. "You are energetic, fond of all outdoor games, unselfish and affectionate. There is much generosity, in fact, an inclination to extravagance; you are easy-going and most good-hearted. There is one great failing shown, namely, want of self-confidence. I should say that extreme shyness was your most prominent characteristic." Here I looked up at him inquiringly, and he nodded.

"You are absolutely right about *that*, unfortunately."

"But you could so easily overcome it," I remarked encouragingly. "It only needs determination and perseverance, and you have plenty of both."

Bob began to smile. (He has such a delightful smile, Jess!)

"Really, it's harder than you think,'" he answered. "But never mind my character. I want particularly to know about the future. Am I going to marry?"

This was an aggravating question at that point, for I wanted to tell him about his early

Google

days, and had carefully learnt up the dates of the chief incidents of his somewhat uneventful career beforehand, in order to impress him with a sense of my wonderful power. However, I put the best face possible on the matter, and studied his hand very intently.

"Well, there is one very great attachment marked," I answered, "at the age of about twenty-seven; it is a very strong affection indeed. Would you like me to describe her to you?"

"Indeed I *should*," he replied, "if it won't be giving you too much trouble."

In answer, I took up the crystal (with some trepidation, I must confess!), and examined it closely.

"She has grey-blue eyes, auburn hair, and is of medium height. Her nose is rather turned up, and she has a good many freckles;" (so I have, you know, worse luck!) "one of her initials is"—here I hesitated—"well, it seems to me that it is either an M or an N—that might stand for either Christian or surname," I added, rather hastily. "That is all I can see about her, but are there any questions you would like to ask? I shall be happy to answer any for you."

"You are really very kind," he observed. "I *should* like to know something; you'll tell me what you really think, won't you?"

"Yes, I promise you I will," and I smiled to myself. "What is it you want to know?"

He hesitated for a minute. 'Well, er—er—is it your opinion that this girl will accept me?"

I bent over the crystal again, and if he had been able to examine my face, he might have seen my mouth twitch suspiciously.

"I should certainly say *yes*," I answered at length. "She cares for you very dearly; but she can't accept you, you know, unless you ask her! You must conquer your shyness, or she will begin to think you don't care. Yes," glancing at his hand, "I should certainly advise you to take the very first opportunity. Delay may be fatal to your cause; it entirely rests with yourself. Now, is there anything else you want to know?"

Bob had risen, as if to go, so I rose too.

"Only this," he said, "there *is* one other little thing!"

At this point my client, with the greatest assurance in the world, put his arm round my waist, and—but I don't mean to say any more, Jess! This letter will be too late for the post if I go into details. You will realise the full horror of the situation when I tell you that that traitor Dick had basely let Bob into the secret ten minutes before, and had told him of the identity of the "mysterious Palmist from London"!!!!!!

Yours ever,

NANCY TREVOR (*alias* "Saturnella").

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CAP AND BELLS

An Accident all Round.

A most ridiculous scene occurred lately at a church in Newcastle. A policeman was passing the church as a gentleman came out. The man jokingly accosted the policeman, and said he was wanted inside. The policeman thought there was some trouble in the church and went in.

The sexton, on his appearance, said: "Come in here," and took him to a pew and waved his hand, as much as to say "Help yourself."

There was another man in the pew who had a most sinister expression, as the policeman thought, and he supposed that he was the man they wanted arrested, so he tapped him on the arm, and told him to come along. The man turned pale, and edged along as though to get away, when the policeman took him by the collar, and jerked him out into the aisle.

The man struggled, thinking the policeman was crazy, and tried to get away, but he was dragged along. Many of the congregation thought he had been doing something wrong, and helped the officer to get him out.

The policeman saw the man who told him he was wanted in the church, and asked him what the charge was against the man arrested, and he didn't know; so the sexton was appealed to, and he didn't know; and finally the prisoner was asked what it was all about, and he didn't know.

The policeman was asked what he arrested the man for, and he didn't know, and after a while the matter was explained, and the policeman, who had to arrest somebody, took the man into custody who told him he was wanted in the church, and he was fined forty shillings and costs. He says he will never try to convert a policeman again.

* * *

Never judge a man by the umbrella he carries; he may have just left an old cotton one for it at the place where he last called. That's what they do in this office, anyway.

* * * * *

In France they call grey hair "a little dust from the road of life," which is certainly very poetic. But when you find "a little dust from the road of life" in your butter the poetry vanishes at once.

"I say, mother, yesterday you licked me because I licked Johnny; to-day father lick d me because Tommy licked *me*. What'll happen when it's a draw?"

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Brother (in pompous voice): "Why, Susie! No partner? How's that?"
Sister (very sweetly): "Well, I was rather late, and the early birds get the worms, you know!"

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Thief: "Your money or your life."

Victim: "Well, look here, you may shoot if you like, but I'm cleaned out. I have just bought the Christmas dinner and presents for the children, and——"

Thief: "All right, old man; I know what that means. Pass on."

A certain politician who lost both his eyes in a railway accident, has failed to recover damages because, in the jury's mind, his present inability to read what the newspapers say of him must be viewed in the light of compensation.

* * *

English travellers are apt to make the most absurd demands on the time and attention of their Consuls, and they are not always got rid of so easily as that one who called on the English Consul at Messina with the inquiry:

"Which is the nearest way to Mount Etna?"

The Consul answered politely: "Out through that door, please, and ask the next person you meet."

* * * *

The trials of a man collecting bills sometimes take an annoying turn. One of those pleasant gentlemen stepped into an office, and, seeing the debtor talking to a number of lady friends, waited till he had leisure. Whereupon the debtor turned to the collector with a very pleasant manner and said: "I will lend you this sovereign today. Come again when you are hard up," and smiled one of those smiles that crack a looking-glass.

Is this the latest fashion in hats?

Nature has wisely arranged matters so that a man can neither pat his own back nor kick himself.

* * *

OLD MR. BENTLEY (reading the paper): "I see that in a recent storm at sea a ship loaded with passengers went ashore."

OLD MRS. BENTLEY (placidly): "How fortunate! I can imagine how glad those passengers must have been to get on dry land."

* * * *

A joyous damsel rushed into a citizen's arms at London Bridge, exclaiming: "Oh, you are my long-lost brother!"

She soon discovered her mistake, and rushed off in a confused manner, accompanied by her long-lost brother's purse!

A small girl of three years old suddenly burst out crying at the dinner table.

"Why, Ethel," said her mother, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, whined Ethel, "my teeth stepped on my tongue."

Do not take it amiss,
If I ask for a kiss,
For you never could miss
Such a thing as a kiss!

If you drive me to theft,
There'd be no thief so deft
As your lover bereft
Of his due—without theft.

For a kiss is the seal
Of amatory zeal,
And no compact is real
Without its due seal.

* * * *

"Oh, tell me, where is fancy bred," sang the poet.

"There's a very good confectioner round the corner," said the prosaic man.

* *

SNOOPER: "It's no wonder they are always finding microbes, bacteria, and such things in France."

SIMERAL: "Why?"

SNOOPER: "Because France is just the place for Parisites."

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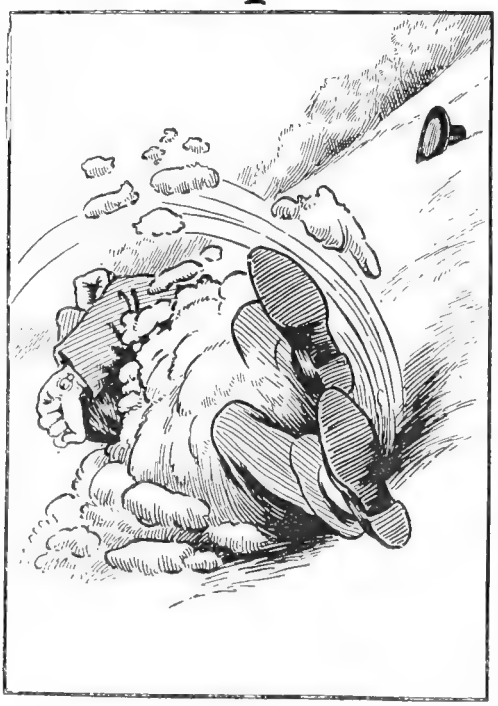

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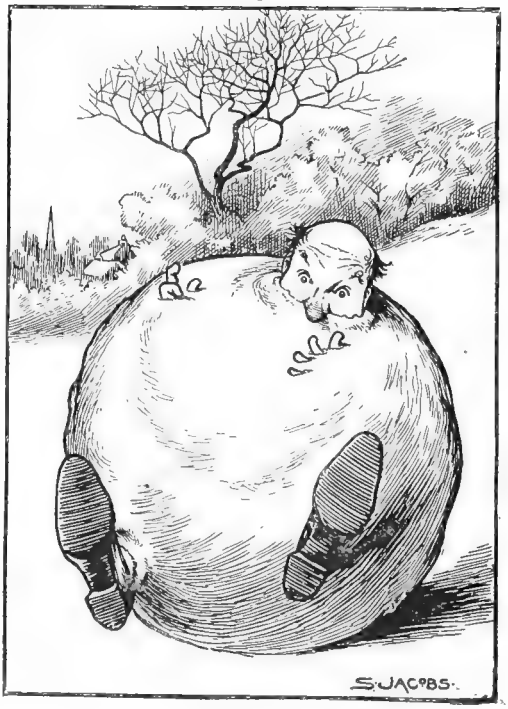

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Buffetted by wind and rain,
Thy form doth rise,
As a thing of wondrous beauty,
In my lightning blinded eyes;
With remorse my heart is torn,
Wert I but in thy embrace,
Then, then could I laugh to scorn
The Elements.

To struggle is the lot of man,
And I must onward and alone,
Do battle with the storm.
But now I've sworn I shall atone
For this neglect. Where'er I roam
In future, it will be with thee—
And never more I'll leave at home
My Waterproof.

* * * * *

"There is nothing impossible to the determined spirit," says a philosopher. Evidently that philosopher never tried to reach up behind his shoulder to get hold of the end of a broken brace.

* * * * *

It is hard to say which is the most helpless, the little boy, or the great, big man, when he is asked to hold it.

* * *

Old Nurse: "Had two hours' rest? I can't see how that was possible with your patient requiring his medicine every hour."

New Nurse: "You can't? Well, it's easy to explain."

Old Nurse: "What is the explanation?"

New Nurse: "Oh, I doubled his dose the last time."

SUNDAY - SCHOOL TEACHER: "What do you understand by 'Suffering for righteousness' sake?"

BOY (promptly): "Practising hymns in the morning, teacher, and Sunday-school in the afternoon, and Bible - class in the evenin'!"

Three maidens went shopping out in the west—
Westbourne Grove—when the sun went down;
Each thought of the colour that suited her best
For a new spring hat or a dressing-gown,
And had it sent home on the morrow.
And each for the man she loved did buy
A wild and terrible-patterned tie
That each man wore in sorrow.
For woman must buy and men must wear,
Though the style is enough to curl one's hair,
Or trouble dire to borrow!

* * * * *

"Better not wait for Charley any longer. You know what it is when a fellow is calling on his girl."

"Ah, there they are now! He is just bidding her good-night."

"All right, let us go and have a game of billiards. We'll just have time."

* * * * *

Customer: "Look here, waiter, what's this?"

Waiter: "Looks like a bootlace, sir."

"It *is* a bootlace, and it was in my soup."

"Beg pardon, sir, but would you mind lowering your voice?"

"Lower my voice, indeed? You ought to ——"

"Don't let that gentleman at the corner hear you, sir. He's dined here regular for eighteen months, and *we've never thrown him in anything.*"

* * * * *

"Steam is a great thing," remarked a French traveller in a railway carriage to his *vis-à-vis*.

"So it is," was the reply, "I owe my fortune to it."

"Monsieur is manager of a company?"

"No."

"Engineer, perhaps?"

"No; I have lost a number of relatives by railway accidents."

She: "Don't you think dancing just the loveliest thing in the world?"

He: "Can't say I do. I used to like it years ago; but one gets tired of such things, you know."

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Don't rub your nose with a candle if you have a cold, it's too old-fashioned a remedy for these days; but should you have any trouble with your lungs or bronchial tubes, or if you cough, use

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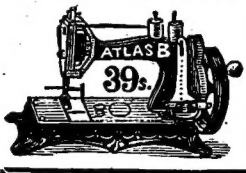

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Unlike many recently discovered so-called cures, this has been before the public for more than 30 years, and has been tried and trusted.

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Satisfying.
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Soothing for Infants.
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MR. GEO. R. SIMS TELLS A JOKE.

"I never mind," writes Mr. George R. Sims in the *Referee*, "telling a story against myself. A gentleman of Holland wrote to me for a copy of a recitation, and, being ignorant of my particular whereabouts, addressed his envelope 'Mr. ——' (respect for the anonymity of journalism prevents me printing my real name), 'Poet, London.'

"But where do you think the postal authorities delivered the letter? At the *Referee* Office? No. At Opposite-the-Ducks Villa. No. At the Authors' Club? No. At none of these places, but at the offices of 'Tatcho.'

"Oh! St. Martin's Le Grand—St. Martin's Le Grand! I never gave you credit for such a refinement of cynicism as that. I am not a poet—not even a minor one. In my wildest dreams I never aspired to be anything more than a writer of rhymes. I have too profound an admiration for the poet's art to call rhymed narrative arranged for the purposes of dramatic effect, poetry; but surely, surely you might have delivered a letter with such an address to my private house.

To hand it to stern commercial men who preside over the destinies of 'Tatcho' was cruel. Proud in the conciousness that all I have done has been done in the interests of my brothers and sisters and the great cause of suffering humanity,

I have forgiven the postal authorities, and have sent them information that they have no more right to send my letters to 'Tatcho' than they have to send Lord Playfair's to 'Bovril.'"

"TATCHO" The Great Hair Renewer

Arrangements have been made whereby in addition to the regular sizes, your own Chemist or Stores will supply

The Large Trial Bottle of

"TATCHO,"

4/6 SIZE FOR 1/10

In making this arrangement the Company is acting with the knowledge that such distribution of large Trial Bottles is making the Preparation even more widely known, and is introducing it to every home in a more satisfactory manner than could be effected by any other system of advertising.

NOTE.—If it is more convenient to order direct from the Company's Depot, cut out the Coupon and post it with the necessary remittance to the "TATCHO" Offices, 81, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

"To the HUNDRED THOUSAND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN who have written me from all parts of the world (sometimes enclosing stamps for reply, and sometimes expecting me to defray the return postage to the uttermost corners of the earth), requesting me to forward them immediately my Recipe for arresting the Fall of the Hair,

Greeting. Know All of You,

In consequence of the immense demand for my remedy—'TATCHO'—and the flooding of the market with Non-Genuine Preparations purporting to be the same as mine, but in reality nothing of the sort, I HAVE BEEN COMPELLED to place the matter in the hands of a Syndicate. These gentlemen have agreed to supply the whole world with the preparation absolutely made up according to my directions. It was the only way for me to protect the public and myself."

COUPON.

R.M.

February, 1902.

MR. GEO. R. SIMS IN THE "REFEREE."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease.
"TATCHO" is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.
"TATCHO" is sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the world in Bottles at 1s., 2s. 9d., and 5s.

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COCOA, AND THE BEST COCOA ONLY.

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